



THE END COMMUNE bulletin

INTERVIEWS
LYRICS
ESOTERICA
2012
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2LUTET

**& THE END
COMMUNE
INTERVIEW**

CONDUCTED BY

**DIENYSIAN
RECORDS**

(CHINA)

FEBRUARY 2021

1. Greetings all and thanks for accepting this interview. How you guys doing lately? Still enjoying the feedback from SLUTET's latest debut or already start to work on some new materials? Also, how does the pandemic situation over there in Sweden look like these days?

Malkus: I am doing great thank you. I'm currently living in a trailer outside a former cement factory, now a blacksmithing school, outside a small rural town so I barely notice the covid restrictions outside the fact that attending church has become near impossible. I am working on a solo side project. I do long to jam and hang out with my besties though.

Livrädd: Greetings! I've personally been doing great lately. The full-length album was a huge, huge project for us amateurs to take on and it really was a pain in the ass to work with at several points. Finishing it was an emotional release and I am now in the phase of actually enjoying listening to it too, since I just passed through the phase of being tired of it. Creatively too I have experienced a release, after we cleared our part in the making of the album. Not at all channeled through the project Slutet though, but through other, new projects. I know, for me, this was the last thing I did with Slutet for a long time and we as a group have decided to put it on hold for a while. As for the pandemic situation, it doesn't mind me that much, for the moment.

Rytterson: 2020 was what it was but things could always be so much worse. The pandemic situation in Sweden is pretty relaxed in terms of public regulations – mostly, we have only “health and safety recommendations” in place. At the same time, elderly corpses are mounting. I don't know what is going on anymore. It all bores me to death at this point. I haven't read a coronavirus news story since last autumn, I guess. I can barely bother anymore... it went from exciting to worrying to tedious and plain annoying pretty damn fast.

With regards to what is happening in our camp, it is still a bit early to say; the situation is unclear even for us, but as Livrädd has stated, Slutet is taking an indefinite break. Over the lapse of the year 2020 we have barely been in our rehearsal bunker. We have recently started to descend there again, but we are not working on anything Slutet – rather, some side-project curiosities and some emerging, potentially new Endcommunean flagships are hammered and worked on down there. In reality, we could pace it up a lot if we wanted it. Apparently, we do not want to, since we do not. I guess 2020 has been a break for us and a moment of introspection with regards to the future of the End Commune, as

well as a time for working on – and arranging – the physical releases for which we have patiently waited a long time: *Begynnelsen* vinyl release and *Love & Beauty* vinyl release will be, thus far, the crowning achievements of our little congregation, for sure.

2. According to MA and your official Bandcamp page, SLUTET stands for "the end" in Swedish, and it makes me wonder which one came first in terms of the music project SLUTET itself or your collective The End Commune? What's the artistic or philosophical purpose of creating both entities? Was SLUTET/The End Commune a vessel through which you are able to channel your thoughts and reflection?

Livrädd: Slutet as a band started in the brain of Ryttersson and eventually became a real band. So, the band Slutet came first, and afterwards came The End Commune, I think. From my point of view, I was, at the time, very eager to play in an emotion-driven band, fueled by drugs and strong friendship. But since we as a band spent a lot of spare time as friends, growing up together, it already from the beginning felt like something more than just a band, so the step to becoming a community felt natural. I also think that we as individuals were quite different in many ways, but still really enjoyed working as one entity, associating ourselves with each other, so forming a community was a good idea. In that way we could capture all our individual differences under one banner in a way that made sense. I also think we all had a strong desire to belong to something bigger – like classical adolescents – since Sweden and Uppsala does not really offer much of interest to be a part of. It all formed in the years after school and we were adolescents with no clue about how to live a proper life. But we aimed at God and had to invent that search for ourselves. Early on I remember picturing The End Commune like a shipway on which we together are building our own ark, ready to ship off as apocalypse approaches. Or as a lunatics monastery where we all were to spiritually grow before launching out to the real world again. It is a homemade initiation-ritual. Or Slutet is the initiation ritual, I would say, since it has an end and a beginning. The Commune is forever going, throwing us new ways to grow, new challenges and new crises. And to answer the last part of your question: no, not as much thoughts and reflections; for me, it was more about emotions and a certain attitude towards the world. But this is mainly because I have had nothing to do with the lyrics in Slutet.

Ryttersson: Well, going back all the way to 2010-2011, the first name I had for the music project that would eventually morph into Slutet was *Den Fanatiska Kyrka av de Sista Dagars Heliga*, which is pretentious, obsolete Swedish for

“The Fanatical Church of the Holy End of Days”. Eventually this evolved into Slutet – den Fanatiska Kyrka av de Sista Dagars Heliga (“Slutet – the Fanatical Church of the Holy End of Days). This concept later kind of split, evolved into two things, as I felt already by 2012 that I wanted to do more things than just having a rock band – various solo-projects coupled with other artistic pursuits (photography, painting, writing, sculpting, et cetera) I envisioned could find its place onto this platform, with the aid and commitment of talented friends around me. So, to answer your question more precisely: they were born at the same time, and have had their respective names since at least 2012, but were envisioned initially as the same thing. So, what is The End Commune today? Nothing more than it ever was: a platform made by a pack of friends wanting to express themselves. It is just a loosely tied art collective type operation; a few individuals writing, painting, making art, thinking about the mysteries of the human and of God and the world, and – of course – creating unhinged and honest music. On a perhaps more personal note, The End Commune is a kind of philosophical and artistic “universe” wherein I can do what seems appropriate in accord with my artistic self-becoming. My ambition with The End Commune is to expand it and make a completely self-reliable record label out of it. Potentially also some kind of book publishing thing. We will see. As for now, all it is, is some weirdos – great friends and existential allies – doing music. It does not have to be any more pretentious or “sophisticated” than that.

3. The reason why I ask the last question is, in terms of SLUTET’s music, you certainly process some seriously interesting characteristics: judging from your entire discography, the music styles are “all out of place” or should we put it more appropriately, an honest representation of “free expression” --- some top-notch frantastic melodies and absolutely badass riffs that one can hardly find in any other bands these days; another remarkable trait is your vocal styles: ranging from some really heart-wrenching deranged howls to pessimistic and often times “cinematic” monologues --- probably the greatest feminine vocal styles I’ve ever heard among black metal acts in terms of emotions and executions. So, do you mind sharing some musical influences that really inspire the project SLUTET when it comes to composing styles?

Rytterson: We must bear in mind when addressing these topics that The End Commune was created not by artists but by a couple of kids who seemingly could not imagine life without expressing themselves. I do certainly not see myself as an artist, I am just some guy who needs to artistically express. It was in some sense a desperate attempt at mitigating existential and spiritual anxiety – that is how it felt for me. I needed to bleed blood – but also art. So yes, the

term “free expression” sits at the very center of the whole Endcommunean project. When I was younger, I thought of this as cultural terrorism – we were not artists and there was, and is, an almost fanatical insistence on authenticity and “realness” within the Commune. Authenticity has been the keyword since day one. This naturally means we are free to be inspired and influenced by anything and everything we see appropriate for the particular project of the day. Back in the first era, 2010-2013, before we even rehearsed and the band was but a compulsory vision and a vivid day-dream in the back of my mind, the biggest direct musical influences were Master’s Hammer, Burzum, Siouxsie & the Banshees and various krautrock and free-folk projects, old and new, like Ash Ra Tempel, Furekaaben, Pärson Sound/International Harvester and Silvester Anfang/Sylvester Anfang II. Later, these more psychedelic influences fell away but are still quite evident on the demo tapes. And with the advent of the second guitarist in 2015, the music changed toward a more distinctly black metal-like sound, mostly due to the new guitarist’s faster, more melodic style of riffing, and because of the fact that our drummer – I – started learning, more or less, how to play fast drums (something I quite struggle with to this day, I might add, since I am lazy and not of the physical condition I could be). But I think since 2018, we have not been influenced concretely by any single band or bands – on *Love & Beauty*, European folk music of various kinds and an innate, creatively independent fire I think left far more of an imprint on the music than almost any black metal band ever could have. Black metal was only a kind of framework or context, a vague one at that, and not a source of inspiratory essence.

Malkus: when I started in Slutet and we started working on what would become Jihad, memories of my mother singing old Swedish folk lullabies resurfaced and the melodies sort of just infiltrated my guitar style unconsciously. I had never played that way before I joined Slutet.

Livrädd: As mentioned, we are all quite different as individuals, and our way to manage that during rehearsals and the creation of music is to just let everyone care for their own part. We almost never govern each other’s creative process. There is a total confidence in that every man and woman will do his or her part, not only fittingly, but in the best and most beautiful way possible. The result of that is a very wide range of musical styles and influences. The early Slutet had some clear krautrock influences. This was what we as a group used to listen to while hanging out. The Swedish band **Pärson sound** and **Träd, Gräs och Stenar** are some of the names I remember from that time. Before the last two albums (the ones with the new guitarist) I remember we cheering to the band **Aryan Art** and expressing the will to do something of that sort. You can hear

that influence most prominently in “Sperm-Spitting Mouth” and “Indo-European Storm”. And YES! Dingir’s vocals are, in my ears, one of the best examples of female vocals in black metal, hard rock, rock, pop, whatever. Her style of singing has made a great impact on my approach to music. Some of my favorite moments are “this is the birth-site of depravation...” on Raped Beauty Sleep and the ending on We Reap Our Crops. She was fucking great right from the start. This is, by the way, one thing I love with working with The End Commune. Both Ryttersen and Dingir were practically new to their instruments when we started, and they had no background in music schools of any sort. As for me, I’ve grown up learning music in schools. The clash between our backgrounds were the absolutely best way to reinvent my creativity and joy for music. That naivety and ignorance to musical theory put emotions and the will to express oneself in the anteroom. That, I believe, is what makes Dingir’s vocals so interesting and dynamic.

4. Let's talk about your first S/T compilation. Musically it's one of the most unique black metal releases in my opinion, giving its weird mashup of a punkish second wave black metal riffing and a psychedelic acid storm of krautrock. It is also quite different from your later materials in terms of musical style and aesthetic ---- a release more like being made by some Eastern European Krautrock maniacs on drugs who openly adore street punk. So how did the first three demos come out and why did you choose this particular style? Another thing drew my attention was the album cover ---- depicting the Mesopotamian Lion-headed Eagle Anzû holding an AK and a Molotov cocktail in each hand --- an aesthetic that will continue to stay prominent in your future releases and other projects. So why did you choose this picture and are there any symbolic meanings behind this image?

Livrådd: This is not my question to answer, but I will say something about it. From the start Black Metal was not in our minds at all. Domsday Rock is what we called it. I didn’t like black metal at the time and I had a very strong feeling against double bass drumming.

Ryttersen: The first three demo tapes were written in a time when I was a complete amateur about everything. Completely clueless I was with regards to how one normally goes about creating music. My love for music in general helped flavor these crude, early creations, and I had penetrated already quite deep into many different genres of music, but specifically I could mention a few acts... **Burzum, Master’s Hammer, Silvester Anfang, Discharge, Anomie, Peste Noire, Katharsis, Siouxsie & the Banshees and Vissovasso** (Crakk of

Reveal's early abomination) I remember all had a quite direct influence on the way I wanted my music to sound. The earliest riffs were written on an unplugged, untuned three-stringed bass guitar in my room in Vänge outside Uppsala around 2010, maybe even 2009. Later, in 2012 or so, I started creating the music only using tablature, which maybe could account for part of the peculiar sound on these songs. We started rehearsing it on September 1, 2013, and released then three demo tapes in 2014, all of whom were recorded completely by ourselves in our rehearsal rooms, mixed and "produced" at home, dubbed onto tape by hand in an old 1980's cassette deck, and also every cassette tape cover of all three demos is hand-drawn or otherwise handmade. As I previously noted, ideas of autonomy and authenticity – my existentialist virtues, really – was of huge importance in the early days. That is the way things still are, even though we now (since 2015) work with (independent) labels when it comes to the promotion, manufacture and distribution of physical releases, so I guess we are not entirely independent in every sense of the word. We are not as die-hard, radical and idealist as we were back in 2014 I guess.

With regards to the he Anzû bird: this lion-bird-human figure is in Sumerian and later Semitic (Akkado-Babylonian and Assyrian) mythology a lesser divinity of the pantheon, and is according to some accounts responsible for stealing the Tablet of Destinies from the Gods. The Tablet of Destinies was the stone-tablet upon which the fate of the world and all its subjects, humans or otherwise, were written down. Whoever owned it, controlled these destinies. The symbolism here is that Anzû is a re-conqueror of autonomy from the Gods, a kind of archetypal, Promethean figure if you will. I chose this mythological creature to symbolize (re-)discovery of self-determination and autonomy as opposed to merely following, like fish in a shoal, the natural or "expected" trajectory of your existence, whatever that may be. The symbolism here is very heavily existentialist. The AK-47 and the Molotov cocktail are added as more or less universally recognizable symbols of armed insurgency, the struggle for independence, revolutionary militias, asymmetrical guerilla warfare and stuff like that. Basically – in one word, symbols of *resistance*.

5. The label of "experimental music" could be somewhat misleading when it comes to black metal (or any subgenre): for me, there exist two kinds: one who use some easily-detected and deliberated attempts and experiment with all sorts of sounds and devices, the other is essentially some weird representations of something that's hard to be put into an existing genre label --- a music of free expression, and for me, the attitudes and styles in SLUTET and related projects definitely fit into the later. What are your thoughts on this idea of experimental music and when SLUTET was called

out using such a label? Your passion for low-fi 80s synth and minimalistic ambience is also prominent in related projects like Lapis Lazuli, Loveboy, and RESILIENCE (and oh boy how great those two RESILIENCE demos sound). Do you mind elaborating upon those side projects and your "experiments" of synth in them? If or how do they relate to SLUTET and The End Commune as a whole?

Livrädd: I don't recall others labelling Slutet as experimental. I thought that was our own doing, but I might be wrong. I like the idea of free expression in music. I like to be surprised and to hear something I have never heard before and for someone to invoke a new feeling never felt before through music.

Rytterson: Well, with regards to the label 'experimental music' there is not much to say. It is what it is. It is hard to make the case that anything TEC-related is *not* experimental, so I am fine with the epithet. After all, that is what we do.

With hand on my heart, I must say that Slutet was always meant to reach people. To communicate something. The "underground music for underground people" ethos, which is quite widespread in many circles, never applied to Slutet. I much enjoy when people recognize Slutet, comment on it, share their opinions on the material, etc. It is definitely a divisive project, I think. Either you get it or you don't. That is my hope at least!

However, for the side projects, this has never been the case. I am very, very humble about them for the very reason that they were never exactly meant to be spread and listened to by other people in the first place. These small side-dishes never had that thing built into their original concepts. Not that I mind any attention I get from it, it is fun and humbling... but I just did never think anyone would quite notice them, given what they are, these side projects. They were always made for my own self-improvement and pleasure, I guess (I am talking about Loveboy, Lapis Lazuli and Resilience here, of which I am wholly responsible). I have no idea how to "properly" make music, I cannot handle a guitar, I am comically and completely clueless about musical theory, my drumming is 100% autodidact, etc... yet I *have* to make music, so I have to find other pathways and avenues so that I can actualize myself through my creativity. This is how I have felt for the last decade.

Loveboy started in the final weeks of 2016 when I had a terrible fever and tried to "mitigate" it with oxycodone and hashish. As a result, I laid in a couch for days on end, half feeling like shit and half feeling great. After listening to *Born to Die* by Lana Del Rey for possibly 24 hours straight – one of my favorite LP:s

– while nodding, sliding back and forth between reality and fever-dreamlike states, I decided to finally make the effort and change it for something more ambient and atmospheric. I discovered that I could not quite find the perfect music for the occasion – **Lustmord**, **Current 93**, **Biosphere**, **Gnaw their Tongues**, **Brian Eno**, **Trepaneringsritualen** and **Raison D’Etre** were all decent, good or even great – but contextually imperfect. This frustrated me to the very point that I simply decided to create it myself. I wanted to at least have a go at it, and if not for the quality of the musical output itself, then at least for the sake of creative pleasure and drug-fueled stimulation it would bring me. The days before, while in my oxycodone-and-fever-induced semi-coma I had binged 4 or 5 Ingmar Bergman films and was very influenced by them, moved by them; possibly spiritually motivated by them. The two themes merged together, atmospheric music and Ingmar Bergman, and I patched up a sound collage I could listen to while dwelling in the bed or the couch during the remainder of my fever-streak. I found it meaningful, fun and rewarding – so I continued. Making this stuff available publicly has not so much been motivated by exposure; rather, I am motivated to challenge myself and my self-image by putting it out, and being fine with people thinking it is mindless garbage. Sharing these things has more to do with thickening my own skin than it has chasing some kind of recognition or affirmation. And that is going great so far, I’ve learned a lot. So naturally, when the response comes back positive, it is very weird for me. It is great, I totally appreciate it, but it feels surreal. This was meant as my personal moody music and now it has even been released on tape. It is very humbling and nice. I am just trying to create atmospheres for myself, basically. Maybe I manage to be atmospheric to someone else as well? If that is the case – fine, good, jolly, nice.

Lapis Lazuli is a different story altogether, as is Resilience. Lapis Lazuli was born in the spring/summer of 2015 when I shared a house with Dingir and another woman, a stranger. What I had that summer was drugs, an unrelenting interest for the ancient near east (Mesopotamia, Anatolia, Levant/Phoenicia, Elam, Persia, etc.), and an old 1980’s Yamaha synthesizer I had gotten from my grandparents. I also had a lot of time. What I did not have, on the other side, was any kind of talent, skill or education in how to play the thing. I had basically never struck a single piano key before that, so it certainly is what it is. Again, creative desperation had to suffice for skill and musical ability. Back in late 2013 I had a brief and problematic incursion into academia, lasting for about 4 months – I briefly studied Akkadian and the cultures of the ancient near east. I dropped mostly due to social and psychological reasons, and not at all out of disinterest; I was miserable about it, but the passion for the subject itself was never faltering. I still listen to this stuff even though I regularly cringe at how

painfully sloppy and amateurish it all is. For some reason, however, it is a great source of personal nostalgia and sometimes I even think it is good music in its own right.

The Resilience project is, once again, more of the same. I have a total lack of any kind of “conventional” musical skill and ability, yet I know I have so many riffs and melodies in me. They *have* to come out somehow. Therefore, Resilience exists. It is all made in a tiny freeware called Tabit – a super-basic tablature software – and edited in the equally free Audacity. The concept of Resilience is a zealous adulation of the Kurdish resistance struggle against Turkey and – back then – the Islamic State. It is very fun and stimulating for me.

All these side projects, and the other ones of which I am not responsible, such as Albasli, make up a great core of what The End Commune really is. A congregation of friends expressing themselves freely. Nothing more, nothing less. And every single release always speaks for itself; there is no central agenda, no ideology or anything like that. Individual projects and releases can always proclaim various loyalties and affiliations, but the End Commune as such will never stand behind any of them.

6. In 2017 you guys released Jihad, an ep that's quite different from your previous materials and much more leaning towards some "standard raw black metal", even though some of the trancey psychedelic elements and weird samples still exist. What was the reason behind this style shift? Was the replacement of previous guitarist a central reason? I also wonder what was that long narrative in the second track (was it in Swedish?) One can also easily notice that a passion for the Near East culture has been another central theme in all of your projects, especially in SLUTET and RESILIENCE. You've spoken about this a little about this passion on Lapis Lazuli's Bandcamp page, do you mind elaborate upon this a little more? How important does the Near East mean to The End Commune and why?

Livrådd: Much of the change in style can be attributed to the exchange of guitarist and the creative process which followed along. This new guitarist wrote all the riffs and I guess it leaned towards black metal because he enjoyed it and because our drummer had reached a point in his drumming skills where he could play a lot faster. We also shared the interest in black metal and a lot of late night conversations where characterized by reverence for good black metal and having a good laugh at poor attempts at black metal. The Near-East is interesting because it is such a historical and cultural hot spot for the human

race and will so continue to be in the future. Much is circulating here. Everyone wants it in some way or another. It's like a sacred battleground.

Malkus: after some time after I joined, I was granted the honor of writing almost all riffs so yes, I think it was a major influence on the sound changing. But as I said before, my guitar style changed dramatically and mysteriously when I joined Slutet. I guess also we all wanted to play faster – because we could. I think the east is interesting because large parts of it have not been raped by post-enlightenment shit. Living in the modern and spiritually corrupt west I think we turn east to look for something authentic. Personally, I found the eastern Orthodox church thank God. And I have to say that Slutet played a part in my journey towards God.

Rytterson: You have already yourself answered the question – the change of guitarist I would say, by far, impacted that stylistic change the most. Generally, we diversified the creative process starting from ca 2016-2017 onward to include all band members – in contrast, all three demo tapes had been written and arranged by a single member of the band. Our new guitarist, Malkus 9 as he is called, had a more aggressive and fast way of playing the guitar. That affected the whole sound a lot.

That talking in the middle of "Goddess of Paradox" is indeed in the Swedish language but what exactly is being said is a mystery even to me, and arguably, even to our vocalist herself. Frantic, improvised or semi-improvised talking made its way both onto the "O Ziemia!" demo as well as on the "Jihad" EP. So, to answer your question – who knows what is being said there. I, for sure, do not.

The near eastern thematic, its aesthetics and all references to it, are not a complicated matter at all. I am simply very, very interested in it (and to some extent, I cannot fully explain why). First of all, the End Commune is in no way, shape or form dependent on the near eastern theme. It just came to develop that way organically, naturally. I hold the ever-beautiful Inanna as a serious avatar of the Divine; I adore her. She is, and has been, important. I believe she exists, but not in the way you and I exist. She first found me in my late teens – probably through Pazuzu (indeed, how many young boys have not initially cultivated an interest in the Sumerian and Semitic mythologies of Mesopotamia by way of Pazuzu, the coolest demon-figure of them all? It seems almost unavoidable, being a young man, being a fan of death- and black metal and finding one's way to Pazuzu). I guess that is where the ball started rolling for me as well. And the ball rolled to the degree to which I enrolled for Near Eastern Studies at Uppsala

University in the autumn of 2013, as I previously mentioned. I hated academia and I hated the university. I felt seriously uncomfortable there. I had grievous psycho-spiritual problems and I ended up panickingly running from the classroom, never to come back. Don't get me wrong: I loved what I studied or tried to study. I hated everything else about it. The hallways of academia seem suffocating and oppressive to me. That was 2013, and my interest in the mytho-religious, linguistic-cultural and geopolitical history of the near east (ancient as well as contemporary) hasn't faltered since – quite the opposite. There is always something happening there. The cultural spheres of Europe, Caucasus, Central Asia, Near East, North Africa and the Horn of Africa are immensely fascinating to me – meaning, roughly speaking, the Aryan, Caucasian, Turkic and Semitic worlds. Sometimes I think of human civilization as one long, single, deep, profound breath, with the Euphrates and the Tigris as nostrils. From there, civilization is breathed out, and when time comes, into there it shall again be breathed in; ended; collapsed. There is an epicentral quality to that place. But I guess that is no wonder when you have Tiamat herself dwelling on the bottom somewhere down there in the Persian Gulf. Sometimes she shakes and roars in her sleep – can you verily blame her? – so I think a bit of surface irritation, so to speak, is to be expected. How can a whole region of the world be expected to live up to standards of peace, unity, prosperity or tranquility when the very soil of it rests on the back of the scaled Mother herself? There's something for you to think about.

7. Before we get into your latest SLUTET debut, I just want to talk a little bit more about another project of your circle --- namely Loveboy --- a cinematic collage of minimalistic soundscape, or PASSIONOISE in your own words. Most releases of this project were dedicated to WW2 and old Eastern European cinemas, especially about those fought on the Eastern front by Polish troops. You mentioned the Polish film Ostatni Etap and how it impacted you with its depiction of those sufferings in Auschwitz. Drawing upon your other two RESILIENCE releases that dedicated to those fought during the ISIS war, what does war mean to you and what message are you trying to convey with those Loveboy and RESILIENCE releases that dedicated to Polish and Kurds accordingly? Also, how important is film to you personally? You mention that one of your life goal is to learn Polish in order to watch Żuławski's *Na Srebrnym Globie* while capturing all of its fantastic details --- why Poland though? Also, a bonus question, what are some other films you enjoy watching while on drugs?

Livrädd: Not my question to answer but *Na Srebrnym Globie* is one of the best movies ever made. Gaspar Noe's movies is fun and terrifying on drugs. And

Sergei Parajanov – his movies are perfectly paced for a drug like cannabis and the pictures are like mesmerizing paintings.

Rytterson: War means a lot to me. But let me point out very clearly... let me be clear and honest: I have never made any kind of military service or training otherwise; I have never held an actual weapon, let alone fired one; I have never been in any real combat, armed or unarmed, and I would never, by the grace of God, lie or try to deceive my fellow man on these grounds for the sake of clout or some otherwise credential. I have immense respect and admiration for those who serve and I – quite self-loathingly – compare myself to these men and women on a daily basis. On negative days, I despise myself for not having done what they have done, and for complaining about problems a soldier would see as luxury. On positive days, however, my heroes and heroines of war instill me with a great inspiration more than some self-belittling shame.

I think war defines the human condition. I do not necessarily mean war only in the practical “real-world” sense of bombs, Kalashnikovs and grenades but also in an allegorical, poetic, spiritual and psychological manner. For many years now, one of my main interests has been to try to penetrate the psychological, philosophical, theological and phenomenological implications of war, genocide and atrocity. And what I have concluded is that there presents itself a phenomenological barrier to suffering here – why I am so interested in it. War.

You have to be there to know what it means. I have read so many words about war, I have thought so many thoughts about it. Yet, in a spiritual and phenomenological, ultimately *human* sense, I am farther from it than I have ever been. War is a court of God. War brings out goodness, virtue, malevolence and sin in their very crystalline forms. War brings out the very best and the very worst in people. War extracts essences from humanity – secretions of evil and virtue, of extraordinary excellence and of bottomless selfishness and cowardice. Of good and of bad and everything in between. But no matter how morally obvious the acts of evil become, or how the deeds of heroic men and women are impossible to close one’s eyes to, we must remember that war is also the ultimate arena of ambiguity and moral contradiction, and many acts we think of as evil and repugnantly reprehensible in civil life, might very well be acts of tragedy, survival and desperation in war. This creates a moral landscape upon where, by every second, the whole of the human condition explodes and implodes... which makes it almost indecipherable, literally speaking.

There is a burning spiritual core to every war. Martyrdom, heroism, sacrifice. Malevolence, suffering, cruelty. Sheer, burning, racial hatreds... the will to

exterminate the enemy down to his very last daughter. Yes, there is a phenomenological barrier of suffering, desperation and anguish. You have to feel it in order to even vaguely understand what it does to people. Every attempt of understanding becomes theorizing and intellectualizing – not experiencing, living, feeling.

If man's emotions, by some metaphysical principle, are to be thought of as sacred in their own right... I mean, intrinsically... then surely war is the natural Church of this world. War is a mirror on which man reflects his and her true capacities. War is a place where God and Devil are both very present. In war, people do things we think of as *impossible* in civil life. Indeed, on a battlefield, many a modern, young westerner would weep for his or her mother after some 30 seconds or less; me included. We do not know a single thing about it, especially here in Sweden. People perform acts of *literally incomprehensible malevolence* but at the same time, in the same wars, people perform acts of *literally incomprehensible heroism*. And I can not get that out of my head.

I am periodically consumed by the study of what I would indeed call the most concentrated, intense, destructive, sadistic, malevolent, brutal and apocalyptic inferno man has ever created for himself, which was the eastern front in World War II. The eastern front was spread out across the north-eastern parts of Europe as constituted by Poland, the Baltic States, Belarus, Ukraine and the westernmost parts of European Russia. This defined geographical region between 1941 and 1945 is the definition of hell on earth. I struggle to come up with a single example of historical events that could with some justice be spoken about in the same breath as this pivotal event in world history. Only the conquests of the Japanese Empire in the late 1930s and early 1940's could, with some measure of integrity, be compared to it (I think I do not have to tell someone like you about this) – ironically, these two different hells were contemporaneous in time, but not co-orchestrated – which is quite insane when you think about it. And I can not stop thinking about these matters. I am not saying that the level of savagery and sadism had never reached such levels before World War II or even since – that would be a very arrogant thing of me to say. Man is a master of cruelty, suffering, agony, humiliation, dehumanization: the Siege of Baghdad of 1258; the Circassian extermination of the 1860's; the Turkish genocides of the late Ottoman period; the Spanish-Portuguese, and later, English-American pacification of the Americas; the Arab slave trade, late 1970's Cambodia; Holodomor, Gulag & 1920's-1930's Soviet Union, the conquests of the Bronze Age Assyrians, European colonialism in places like South Africa, Namibia, and the Congo, the Liberian Civil Wars, etc... the list goes on and on and on... but what I am suggesting is that nowhere in space and

time did it come together in such a monumental way as in east Asia and north-eastern Europe during the World War Two time period.

The consistency of it, the death toll of it, the levels of industrialization and sophistication behind it. The systematized campaigns of extermination sustained over such lengthy periods of time and to such intense degrees of zeal and fervent ardor. What a fucking time to be alive, it must have been. I am ranting here, but you asked me to speak about war and I often find it quite hard to limit myself and stop talking about it. Especially the Holocaust and World War II.

“Why Poland tho?”. I am not sure why my passions for this country and its people and language are so deep. It is mysterious, to some degree. But a great contributing factor is the role Poland played in the World War II. Extremely underappreciated for their sacrifice, forgotten and betrayed by their closest allies and locked then behind the Iron Curtain at Stalin’s behest. Let me tell you: between January 1941 and the Warsaw Uprising in 1944, the Polish underground stopped one in eight Wehrmacht transports from reaching the eastern front. In 1944, the Armia Krajowa was estimated to house upwards of 400,000 to 600,000 members, which made it Europe’s foremost underground military resistance organization in terms of numbers. The Armia Krajowa (Home Army), through their government-in-exile-sanctioned Żegota network, saved more Polish Jews from the Holocaust than any other allied organization (the governments of France, Great Britain and the United States included; they did not do shit). Amongst many operations of assassination, sabotage, and outright military engagement with both the SS and German army (prominent examples include the Operacja Główni – assassination raids on SS top officials – and the Akcja Burza and Żamość military uprisings), arguably the most famous of these operations was what came to be the largest event of resistance in all of occupied Europe: on August 1, 1944, at 17:00 hours, the Warsaw Uprising commenced. This fight for integrity and self-determination was fueled by the bitterest fires of anti-Nazi and anti-Soviet resentments, and it was a doomed fight, yet it was fought. 10 men would pay the price of hanging for the ripping down of a Swastika flag in the Polish capital and Varsovians often woke up with fresh corpses hanging from the light-posts along their streets. Children, women, men, elderly folks laid executed in gutters, tremendous atrocities were perpetrated (Wola comes to mind here) – Warsaw was officially out of wooden coffins already after the first months of German occupation. People were burned alive, whipped and beaten to torturous deaths, labored to collapse.... but they continued digging their trenches, building their barricades... especially in the latter days, mass rapes were perpetrated by the penal battalions of the SS;

children starved *en masse* and cannibalism has been spoken about. Matricide, patricide, all human decadence, theft, murder for food – it all became common; children carried hand-guns and were couriers for the Underground – and they were executed on the very same grounds as their parents! No mercy!

For every resistance member indentified, whole families were exterminated. Yet – the underground persisted its courageous and insane fight for survival. What must be remembered is that the Armia Krajowa and its tributary and auxiliary allies were to a large part only anti-Nazi but they were also staunchly anti-Soviet. For this reason, the fight for freedom persisted after the war had ended – by nationalist heroes, their blood and iron shining in the sun of what was true to them!

What happened in Poland (but absolutely not exclusively in Poland) during those cursed years in general – and during those 63 days of rebellion in particular – is literally beyond our comprehension, I think. We can not cross the phenomenological barrier of suffering here; suffering like this must be truly felt in order to be truly understood, and I claim no insight in the trepidations, angsts and torments of the combatants and of the civilian victims of this apocalyptic terror – 90% of Warsaw was razed to the ground by the Nazi regime – but I claim empathy with them, I salute the remembrance of them, and I hold them as heroes and martyrs of the Divine Struggle! Therefore, again, I wish not to paint my homage with a brush of shallow and lazily appropriating glorification of some past event, but I pay my dues to the very human realities of it: I try to establish a connection with the ones who waded through the sewers and lived months and months down there in the excremental sludge of a nation on its knees but still spitting upward... I pay my dues to the girls and boys losing their mothers to traumatic rape and their fathers to the grinding death of the frontlines, but yet persisting in the cultivation of the unbreakable spirit of resilience! Heroic self-defense! and I pay my dues to the young men storming the enemy with not even a rifle in their courageous but trembling hands!

Long live the Peasant Battalion! Love live the Sophie Battalion! And long live Henryk Dobrzański! And Bór-Komorowski! And Anna Smoleńska ... I hope you have found peace: the Kotwica is burning in my flesh – it remembers you forever. And this is the reason I dedicate so much of my works to Poland, why I love the Polish spirit so much. I find something in Poland I do not find in Sweden anymore, and it moves me to the point of wanting to make music in honor of it.

And even though World War Two is the mother of all wars, it certainly does not take such a monolith to evoke the human emotions and conditions of what I am talking about: between ca 2013 and 2016 I was very, very into the Syrian Civil War, especially the Islamic State. It exhilarated me so much when they managed to chase out the national army of Iraq from Mosul in the summer of 2014. I have had an interest in terrorism, riots, rebellions, uprisings, violent zeal and militarism in general, and the Islamic State were undeniably masters of it at one point in time. There is a discarded Loveboy creation from, I think, early 2017 which is rather glorifying of the Islamic State. I have since deleted it. As much as I was a fucked up young man at that time, my heart has always been for good rather than for evil, so I decided I wanted to make something celebrating their mortal enemies instead. I totally support PKK, YPG/J and the rest of it. But do not make some mistake or take something for granted – ideologically, I do not support them. I dislike all ideologies and want nothing to do with them, except for studying them historically – perhaps. I strongly dislike all kinds of active political engagement. ALL politics. Take it away from me; do not bother me with it. Politics and ideology have a rancid, foul smell I want none of. It can very well poison both my flesh and my mind, if it gets too close to my being. I support the PKK not because I like their democratic pseudo-Marxist federalism or condone that political system, because I do not; I do not know enough about it and I honestly do not care about it. What I do, however, care a lot about is the strong hearts of men and women fighting for what they believe in: their blood, their soil, their God...

Most people just want to live, that is true – I would count myself amongst them. But in retrospect, who do we honor? The one saying “let’s hide and be quiet; I do not want to die” or the ones saying “this is my land and I will not go without a fight”? We all have pity for the former, but we do not really feel pity for the latter. It is not pity we feel over the latter – it is reverence. And in that very reverence, a world of art opens itself to me.

8. So finally we are here, Love & Beauty, your first and latest full length, and holy shit what a groundbreaking release it is: not only the best and most mature release among your entire discography but probably one of the most innovative and emotionally intricate releases in black metal history. I'm still haunted till this day by the main riffs of Sperm-Spitting Mouth and Indo-European Storm, especially when those melodies of triumph and melancholic surge right after those nostalgic samples in the third track. Also your trademarked style of a post-punk/psychedelic blending of black metal is also prominent in this album's title track, let alone the always brilliantly-executioner vocals. I also can't help but notice

a distinct sense of fury in this release, giving how "in-your-face" the overall writing styles look. Do you mind sharing some back stories of this release, how was it written and recorded, which came first in terms of lyrics/themes and music, and how important it stands in the life of SLUTET? Also I'm particularly curious about those samples you use in this one: I think in the beginning of the 1st and 3rd track there're some monologues in Swedish, a Polish folk song at the end of the 1st track, and another English monologue in the mid of the 3rd track. Where did you get those samples? Are they from some old films? Why did you choose to incorporate them into this album?

Malkus: I only wrote the riffs in our rehearsing space. I am unable to write Slutet riffs without my compadres. From my point of view the making of the album was plain hard work combined with a regrettable consumption of drugs and alcohol. The process was for the most part me coming up with riffs and the other guys saying yay or nay – then we mixed and matched the riffs to make songs, added the vocals and rehearsed for hours and hours. Then discussing (me bitching and whining), arguing and adjusting until it sounded good. This whole cacophony was recorded during a cocaine fueled weekend. We shot the cover for the album, and the band pictures, that same weekend.

Livrådd: First of all, thank you for that review! This album is the pinnacle in the life of Slutet. It is what we aimed for from the start. The process of making the album was three years long and it was, as mentioned, very painful and burdensome at times. Basically, the writing process was our guitarist presenting a new riff. Then we played it and came up with some ideas together on how it may develop and such. Then we pressured our guitarist until he came up with a new riff on spot. We played it, came up with new conceptual ideas on development, structure and such, and then repeat. I know this process have been especially painful for our guitarist and vocalist. The vocalist apparently had nothing to do for the wholesome of the rehearsals than to just stand-by and wait for a new riff to emerge, and the guitarist obviously had a lot of pressure. But it was a way that worked evidently. The pressure on the guitarist was good in the end because he has the nerves and psyche to really perform under those circumstances. Mediocrity was not an option so he had to push himself to his limits. Meanwhile, Dingir wrote the lyrics which was basically a poetic short-story and which was later cut up and adapted to the music. The themes were developing along the way. "Hurricane Ingrid" and "Indo-European Storm" are concepts mainly derived from the sound of the music – how it sounded to us. "Uppsala" was a concept we thought about a long time and was the result of us wanting to do a kind of homage to the city and our time in it, while at the same

time mocking it. “Love and Beauty” was also an early theme which felt natural from the start. It’s an honest declaration of what we strive for in life. And though we also thrive on hate and ugliness, the choice on focusing on love and beauty is to go against the expected black metal output.

Rytterson: The riff always comes first. We started rehearsing directly after we had recorded Jihad – around New Year’s Eve of 2016/17 – and concluded the creative process of it by the summer of 2019. With the official vinyl edition releasing more or less at the same time as this interview – February 2021 – it is safe to say it took a while to get the album out. As per usual, we had no idea what it would become once we started working on it. Lyrics emerge and develop gradually and, to a large degree, organically within and without the rehearsal. The songs only had working titles for the longest time (“Sperm-Spitting Mouth” was called “Kött” – which means “flesh” or “meat” – until at least early 2019); the title track was called “Ninkilim” for quite a while, etc. Basically, we focused 100% on the music and the lyrics until 2019, when talks of cover imagery, aesthetics, song titles, release forms, etc., were initially spoken of. And I can tell you where the samples come from: the outro on “Sperm-Spitting Mouth” comes from a traditional Siberian-Russian folk tune, “Age-Old Pines Above the Shusha”, from an album of such music arranged and directed by Vladimir Chirkov and released in the Soviet Union back in 1969. Outstanding music; simply amazing. The English sample in the middle of Indo-European Storm comes from a Syrian terrorist or freedom-fighter, hero or murderer – whatever you prefer. The ending of the title track is a manipulated sample of some Russian Orthodox praying and “The Gloomy Ride...” contains some excerpts from a Kazakh film. “Indo-European Storm” consists of “agricultural noise”, traditional Swedish cattle-calls and that kind of stuff.

9. It seems that you've been constantly exploring the topic of feminine power in the context of Near East mythology/history. The album cover of Jihad (whom does it depict? Since it also showed up in the background of your official blog) and its second track that dedicated to Inanna/Tiamat, the fifth track of Love & Beauty is also an otherworldly piano ambience dedicated to Tahmirih/Tomyris, all of these keep me wondering the role of those female deities/heroines in your music and what are you trying to evoke through their image and stories? Does it have certain symbolic undertones associated with, let's say, will and freedom?

Rytterson: Yes, you are quite right in your observation – however, I can not fully explain why. I have always found tremendous inspiration and power in the most ideal, potent and healthy forms of both gender’s roles. As much as I am a

fan of positive masculinity – in fact, I almost worship it (with emphasis on *almost*) – I am equally an admirer of its respective femininity. I do not know why exactly but I continuously seek out female characters in history. I try to find them: sometimes they are very obvious and widely recognized, and sometimes they are ignored or overlooked; sometimes they are purposely smeared, belittled and ridiculed by the fellow man, and sometimes they are glorified, acknowledged and celebrated. For the most part, their historical reputation notwithstanding, they are very interesting.

The woman on the cover of “Jihad” – a bit counter-intuitively – has nothing to do with Islam. She is Queen Lakshmibai, the Rani of Jhansi, a region in northern India. She played a pivotal role in the Hindu rebellion of 1857 against the British Raj, and subsequently became a powerful symbol of Indian nationalism and anti-imperialist resistance. Women waging war – hell, even leading whole armies – in places and times where such conduct were more or less unheard of (as it obviously is, even to this modern day) or even blatantly unacceptable, ridiculous to the social order – always fascinated me. They still do. From Veleda of the Bucteri to Dihya of the Berbers, to Ching Shih of the oriental oceans and semi-mythical figures like Arawelo of the Somali lands. Semiramis, Æthelflæd and – of course – Tomyris. I am extremely fascinated with the large chunks of women serving in various resistance movements of the World War II as well as in various anti-colonial wars of independence ever since.

I am not sure any of this rambling has answered your question, but I think my obsessive passions for armed resistance, uprisings and the ever-so-human strife for national, personal, religious and ethnic dignity has a lot to do with it. The love of freedom, the sacrifice and martyrdom, the strife and war and discipline; courage, bravery, zeal in battle... that is where I put the essential core of human excellence. And when there is that gender dynamic thrown into the mix, things become very interesting very fast.

I believe bad men dislikes and wants to make life difficult for women. I think evil men wants to destroy women. I think resentful, pathetic men wants to see women fail and hurt, and I think bad women wants the same for men: I think evil, hurt, unhappy or otherwise unhealthy women wants to hurt men – and vice versa. I think resentful, pathetic women wants to destroy and shame men. Bad women and bad men war each-other. I think men and women with spiteful characters strive to divide the genders, sow discord between them. However, I think good women and good men – healthy, God-fearing people – have always loved each other, conspired with each-other, survived with each-other, needed each-other... I think man and woman wants to become strong together in the

face of darkness, trial and challenge. I think extreme situations can absolutely corrupt and make vicious the relationship between man and woman – or pressure it into a great, enduring diamond. And none of these realities become ever clearer than they do become in war. It may well bring tears to my eyes, the idea of man and woman, back-to-back, fighting an invading army. In that, there is such profound beauty, and on so many different levels.

For many of them, I feel a kind of love through time and space, and that is not only toward the soldiers and the military commanders. A woman does not have to kill or command others do so, in order for her to win my allegorical heart. Women like Hildegard of Bingen, Christine de Pizan, En’heduanna, Edith Södergran, Anna Świrszczyńska, Edith Stein, Zivia Lubetkin, Mirabai, Lal Ded, Lepa Radic, Zoya Kosmodemyanskaya, Irena Sendler, Rabia of Basra, Elisabeth Hesselblad, Catherine the Great – I can continue all day long. Some are fierce warriors, some others, poets, nurses, mothers, artists. Even contemporary she-wolves like Valentina Shevchenko and Malala Yousafzai impact my soul to a significant degree. If they can do what they do, what does that tell me of my own capabilities and expectations on myself? If I can harness but a tenth of the courage and integrity of someone like Yousafzai then I am on a good path in life. However, this is not to say that great women in any way are more important than great men – I can, with ease, do a similar list of personal heroes amongst men – but since your question revolved around femininity and women, I want to focus on that.

So, yes. The answer to your question is yes, it has a lot to do with notions of will and freedom.

10. Existentialism and TEC official site/blog. Judging from some of your other releases and your regular posts on the End Commune blog, it occurs to me that existentialism is another topic you love to contemplate upon. How important is this topic mean to you personally and artistically? Why bother writing down all those personal reflections (some of them are serious and others read like random thoughts) on your blog, what's the purpose behind this? Also to you guys personally, what is the meaning and passion of your life? Is it music? Poetry? Readings? Or films maybe? What do you think of the idea of indulgence and its relationship with the Human nature, especially giving the context of the current global pandemic?

Malkus: Indulgence is gay and bad for human nature. Asceticism is the way to go. My purpose now is to grow in Christ and lift heavier and bigger things until I can physically wrestle the Nephilim.

Rytterson: Existentialism (in its religious incarnations – fuck the French), to me, is the undeniable metaphysical substrate on which the whole of the human condition rests and from which it sucks its essential nutriment.

With regards to the blogpost entries – I cannot stop writing them down, to tell you the truth. I write and write and hopefully at the end they come about as some sort of coherent literary work. The blog is a diary more than anything else. I don't really think twice or even care about the idea that anyone is reading it. It would be very humbling if people did, but that just a space I use; a digital notebook. All the various texts found there are interwoven into larger pieces of work. However, 2020 has been a very dry year for me in terms of writing, but it is still an inseparable part of who I am. I have to write, I have done it more or less seriously since at least 2012 – I think I would go insane otherwise, in some way or another. I remember writing death and black metal lyrics many years before I even had the merest thought of being in a band. I remember clearly one of the first I wrote, it was called “Eaters of the Dead” and I was 12 years old, back in 2004.

The purpose behind it is, I guess, to try to make sense of things, to carve myself a path through existence, to catalogue and organize my philosophies, values, ideas and reflections. It is a matter of personal artistic, poetic and spiritual development, and it can be a source of great recreation for me. And to me personally, the question “what is the meaning of life?” is philosophically, intellectually invalid – I am glad you preface it by asking what it is to us personally, instead of inquiring about some intrinsic, fundamental, objective meaning. I think it is a great arrogance of man to extoll that there is in fact something as objective, intrinsic meaning. Meaning-in-itself. I believe in universal human meanings, but no intrinsic Meaning. That is not to say that I deny it or even argue against it – it does not mean that at all. This does not necessarily equal value nihilism in my view, and it does certainly not oppose the concepts and realities of religions and God and all of its mysteries and transcendences. All I am saying is that only God knows of such things and we should keep our tongues in check – and think twice about it – when going about extolling such grandiose proclamations of ultimate truth. Let us remember that we are human and, as such, painfully limited in our perceptions of the otherworld(s). That being said, I am a fervent believer in Truth. Do not mistake for a second that this is some post-modern Frenchie relativism – it is not. I believe wholeheartedly in Truth and Reality. These things, the way I see them, are not relative. On earth, in the material realm, there is a lot of unshakeable truths governing all of its realities. All I am saying is that no man or woman –

no human being – is in any place to propagate moral and metaphysical commandments with a bravado of certainty (yet I hear it all the time). I totally respect *believing* there is an intrinsic truth beyond the material one, but I need humility when it comes down to *knowing* about it. Only divine revelation may grant any human being such insight. And I personally think there is a Truth, but we can merely approximate it to the very best of our human cognitive, intellectual and spiritual faculties. In fact, accepting God as reality, to me, is accepting the fact of these limitations. I immediately become suspicious when hearing people talk with such clarity and confidence about what God truly is and what the fundamental meaning of existence truly is. The meaning of my life is to become as powerful, competent and spiritually and physically healthy as is possible – with God, virtue and discipline as stars of guidance in the sky. Music, poetry, knowledge, beauty, exercise, prayer, friendship, love, hard work, discipline... all of these things are but tools in the toolbox, and they are sacred as such – but they are not intrinsical meanings in their own rights. That is my sense of it, at least. Humility afore the Great Mystery and the voluntary exploration and adoration of it – that is the central virtue of mankind, and I guess, as such, it is the closest we can come to the deduction of any kind of fundamental meaning in existence.

11. Alright, have you guys already started working on some future materials? What can we expect from SLUTET and the End Commune in 2021? Also I notice on your bandcamp page there's one Southern Spruce single scheduled to be released and it seems like a new project, am I correct? Mind sharing some hints about this single as well?

Livrädd: You can expect nothing from Slutet except from the upcoming vinyl releases. There will be a lot of other projects though. I feel the need to compensate for the extremely slow and winding creative process natural for Slutet by just releasing whatever comes to mind, with less pretensions and afterthought than earlier. Southern Spruce is one side-project (not necessarily complying to aforementioned creative process) of them and by the time this is published I suspect that the first single is already released. S. S. is a very personal project based on past escapades. For me, it's a therapeutic attempt to reconcile with all the fucked up things I and we've done in the past. To really suck it in and learn every lesson it has to offer. But also, just for remembrance and reverence of the past.

Rytterson: By the time this interview will be made public, Southern Spruce are in the midst of releasing its debut piece of music – a 7" single called "Make Persia Great Again". This is a quite old project – Southern Spruce splintered off

of Slutet in 2015. It is the punkier, more to-the-point material originally written for Slutet but deemed not entirely appropriate to be recorded and released under the original moniker. We briefly started rehearsing this back in 2015 as well, but the rehearsing and writing of “Jihad” put it on ice, and we only revived the project in October 2020. After the debut 7”, a 12” full length LP will follow in the second half of the year. It will be called “Weird Moons Over Uppsala” and it is a testament and homage to our youth, drawing from experiences, life stories and memories from between 2010 and 2016. It is a way for us to say goodbye to our youth and adolescence – hello adulthood. But more on that later.

12. Thanks again for accepting this interview. We really appreciate your time here. Lets end this one with one of our records' tradition - What are your favorite booze that you might want to recommend to our readers in China? Anyway, our best wishes to your life and looking forward to more materials from the End Commune! Stay safe and take care out there. Cheers!

Malkus: No thank you sir! Maker’s mark is my favorite Bourbon, otherwise 3,5 % beers are great and mandatory Swedish tradition. God bless.

Livrädd: Swedish Vodka “Renat” or “Explorer”, served ice cold.

Rytterson: I do not generally recommend booze but if you have to drink alcohol, then Swedish, Finnish, Polish or Russian vodka is the *only* worthwhile option. Everything else is FALSE.

On a more serious note, thank you for your interest. Every single new Chinese person exposed to The End Commune is a huge victory in and of itself. China needs The End Commune.

2LUTET INTERVIEW

CONDUCTED BY

BLACK BLOOD 'ZINE

(NORWAY)

JANUARY 2022

Ave, and greetings from Dionysos, Masticator and..... “THE GREAT PROPHET”. The interest in joining in for an interview is much appreciated. Who is the destroyed soul answering these questions?

Rytttersson, or Ryttersson, also known as Abu Bakr al-Uppsalawi (yes, as a mockery/homage to the infamous Islamic State caliph) and various other monikers over the years (Bogurodzica, Ayatollah Khamenei, Urfjäll, Lautreamont the Younger, Shabrang Behzad, etc). I am a founding member, ex-maniac and ex-drummer of the experimental rock entity that came to be called Slutet, and which eventually evolved into a full-fledged black metal entity. I was, during the early years, also sole composer and lyricist of this ridiculous yet – if i may – fascinating music project. Note that I will be the sole member answering your questions so this is my perspective and probably unevenly focused on my personal experience of it all, but I will be very factual nevertheless. Factual and completely, unapologetically, nakedly authentically honest. What you ask, you shall know. Maybe some of it sounds made up and exaggerated, but I really could not care about that. No posturing, no gimmicks, no fucking "big bad wolf" black metal peacocking, just the truth of what we are, and – perhaps more importantly for this interview – what we were.

I could assume that there are quite a few readers who have never heard of SLUTET... Can you give a brief but insightful biography for those not in the know? (State some influences and whatnot)

Slutet was formed as an idea back in 2011 or so, but we first rehearsed on September 1, 2013 – therefore we consider the band to have formed on that date in 2013. When a band first play is when a band forms, in my humble opinion. The very first riffs that would become "Raped Beauty Sleep" – our first song – were written on a three-stringed, untuned, unplugged piece-of-shit bass guitar back in my boy room in the 2009-2011 period. Our aim was to create a very primitive and emotive hard rock sound where emotion and passion was to be premiered before production value, musical ability, and technical precision. Remember that my drumming is 100% autodidact and our vocalist had never held a microphone before that rehearsal. 'Authenticity' was the key word for us. Raw fucking emotional outrage. We hated the false posturing and empty words of the so-called most misanthropic, most evil, most anti-social and radical form of music on the planet – "black metal". At least the large majority of it we hated. So, we wanted to take a little piss on that bonfire and do something completely different yet operating within a similar framework of radicalism, extremism and anti-social/anti-political sentiment for the betterment of our own radical, zealous individualism. I remember vividly a huge early musical influence, and

that was the sole 2009 demo tape of Vissovasso (Crakk of Reveal's early abomination). That one really compelled me to try to do something on my own. Other than that, I remember Siouxsie & the Banshees, Discharge, Burzum, Master's Hammer, various 1970's Krautrock having a direct influence on the early musical output of Slutet. Silvester Anfang/Sylvester Anfang II, Anomie, Peste Noire and Katharsis were some other key influences.

We released three demo tapes in 2014, all of whom were recorded completely by ourselves in our rehearsal rooms, mixed and “produced” at home, dubbed onto tape by hand in an old 1980's cassette deck, and also every cassette tape cover of all three demos is hand-drawn or otherwise handmade. As I previously noted, ideas of autonomy and authenticity – our existentialist virtues, really – was of huge importance in the early days.

During the recording of our first demo cassette in January of 2014, a homeless person, a rugged, weathered old man, randomly knocked on the rehearsal-room door and joined us for some time. This is reflective of the general level of the whole early Slutet operation.

That first era of the band (2014-2016) was also the most fucking crazy time of my life, man. We were unruly kids. After some years have passed since those days, it is clear to everyone involved that the early era of the band is an abomination we are very happy to have left behind, but it is as much a time of great, unhinged creativity, hard lessons, humbling existential insights and friendship stronger than iron. And what remains of it, when the sins have washed away and when the vices have been thoroughly repented, is a melancholic nostalgia of angst, youth, drugs, madness and art – without boundary.

After a few years of transgressive and unruly madness (involving actual schizophrenia and other extreme mental conditions, obsessions with animal cadavers and their insides, somewhat advanced bodily mutilations, forest-dwellings, short periods of homelessness and psychosis for some of us, terrorism obsession and ideation, psych ward trips, potentially a few animal sacrifices, crazy journeys abroad and more than one trip to the emergency room due to drug overdose), we gradually calmed down a bit (but not completely). We released “Jihad” EP in 2017, and right around that time I woke up in the emergency room due to drug overdose for the second and last time, and after that I decided that enough is enough. That year I turned 25 and it felt like the opportune thing to do, to calm down a notch. The illusion of youthful immortality started to wane with that incident. I seized and lost consciousness right on the edge of heavily trafficked street, and with some bad luck I could have died. It was time for some change, I reckoned. I have zero regrets though

and those years taught me, and us, so much. Especially about the value of friendship and what the human condition is, and can potentially, be. That there is a life out there waiting to be explored, and that whatever we had done for the last few years was just one method of doing that. I – we – realized slowly but steadily that we wanted more, more, more and more out of life. Even extreme behavior became dull after a while, I found. It was time to mix things up.

After that we decided that we would work towards a monumental full length album – a final statement – then disappear. We were called Slutet for a reason (for your international readership, Slutet means "the end" in Swedish) – Slutet was never made to last. Hence our band name. Slutet was surely a product of its place and its time. We are all pushing our thirties now and things change, minds mature, meanings shift and life progresses. That uncompromising youthful zealotry was sincerely at the very center of Slutet and we felt we had done what we wanted – and could – do with that energy. We emptied ourselves into Slutet and The End Commune frantically, obsessively, and everything has its end – Slutet.

To a lot of people this may not be as well-known but before SLUTET was a thing, there were "The Botched Demos" by an entity whose name is unknown. This release marks the beginning of The End Commune related creative output, so I'm curious who you were working with, if the "The Botched Demos" played any role in the SLUTET development and why it never ended up being an actual project with a name and what not?

The only common denominator between those recordings and Slutet is me. I did vocals for that crude black/death metal outfit. The other guys have moved on to other things and none of them have been active in any kind of black or death metal-related activities since. But I personally just got more obsessed with the idea of having a band. So, I decided after we halted activities due to lack of general motivation, that... fuck it – I guess I'll just have to do it myself then. And off I went doing so.

Apparently upcoming vinyl reissues are still happening, although it seems like SLUTET has been dead since late 2019 and with mutual consensus so. Maybe you can elaborate on how SLUTET met its end, as well as if there was a natural conclusion that came with the release of the 2020 album "Love & Beauty".

As I said earlier, Slutet was very much a product of a certain time, place and context. We never understood it in the beginning, but "Love & Beauty" was the

flag-ship, the apex, the crown jewel all along. I think it felt natural for everyone involved. It was a time-consuming and frustrating process. Remember, everything about that album is done by ourselves, complete amateurs, except for the manufacture and distribution of the physical release, which was a responsibility delegated to our various label partners. We have never been in a studio, never even close. We have never signed a formal label contract. "Love & Beauty" was recorded literally under a staircase in a 10x10 meter rehearsal room that was routinely overflowed with actual sewer water. And when I say actual sewer water, I mean actual sewer water. Many times, when we got there, the whole room stank of human shit and the floor was puddled with shit-water. And on that note, we just decided that the time had come for us to shit out one last turd and then call it quits with Slutet. It was a rather easy decision I think for all of us. We recorded the album over two days and nights in late October of 2019, fueled by cocaine, cannabis, pregabalin (Lyrica) and Swedish vodka as sacraments. The band photos and the album cover were photographed during those sessions as well. It was a very dignified, celebratory conclusion to a 6-year adventure of youth, hard rock, naïve creativity and madness. And we really wanted to finish on top of the mountain rather to roll clumsily down the slopes of it, ending everything embarrassingly and unauthentically. Half the magic of a rock 'n' roll band is to know when to start, and when to stop. Just like sports careers or whatever other endeavor you can think of. It is hard to know when to stop sometimes, and there is beauty and admirability in those who performs it well. We are the GSP and the Khabib of black metal. We are no BJ Penn or Anderson Silva. Finish at the top! Yes, these are MMA references. Have fun with them.

Looking at the lyrics I found two aspects to be of particular interest, first of them being the vulgar extremely visceral use of language, which comes across as very animalistic and secondly, the creation-mythos inspired type of assembling these lyrics, turning them into something spiritual. The creation-mythos in all its iterations seems to be a recurring theme in general, so I'm interested to hear your take on it.

It was just something we were interested in. We were big on Jungian mytho-analysis, still are. And conceptually, Slutet revolved to a large degree, especially early on, around eschatology/apocalypticism and the Nietzschean 'Last Man' concept (very evident in the early lyrics). And it is hard to conceptualize the end without exploring its rootings, origins, beginnings, isn't it? Near-eastern (Mesopotamian, Elamite, Persian, Levantine/Phoenician, Anatolian, etc.) Generally, mythology was a huge thing in the early days too, so these ideas and topics just seemed to seep into the band thematic on a very natural level.

What's the most unfortunate prediction you ever made that has turned out to be true?

The degradation of Swedish society at the hands of blind, senseless, irrational, humanistic idealism. Not that it was really hard to predict, but you asked me and that was my first thought honestly.

How was your perception of the black metal scene around the time SLUTET started?

Let me first say that black metal has been the most important music for me personally ever since my father showed me Bathory, Celtic Frost and Mercyful Fate back when i was a young kid. I still remember vividly when I first heard the first riff of "Total Destruction" by Bathory, I must have been 12 or 13. I think that is the moment when I first "got it". I felt a kind of power and darkness from the music I had not appreciated in anything else before it. However, as I grew older, I consciously started to distance myself from any "scene" or "community" with regards to black metal. I have had contact with only a few other black or death metal artists; I can literally count them on one hand. It doesn't interest me, the whole "community" aspect of it, and early Slutet was a total rebellion against it. On a general level, I found folks to be narrow-minded, quite boring, and often ideologically possessed – funnily enough by ideologies which barely even exist. And besides, I hated gigs and was socially awkward so there was always a natural barrier between Slutet and black metal. We didn't even play black metal until 2017 in my opinion; it is curious to me that even the early material is lumped together under the "experimental black metal" label. I'm not complaining! It is just an odd observation. And I am not a fan of getting drunk, either, which is like breaching some Holy commandment in the black metal world, it seems. Going to "black metal fests" was an affront to my sensibilities; I would have liked it much better in a poetry event or ethnic music festival to be honest with you.

The fake posturing and "Satanic" and misanthropic virtue signaling from these people wanted me to perform actual deeds of violence and harassment against them so that they would feel urged to do the same thing towards me – thus "forcing" them to embrace the ideals they so said they stood for. I wanted to paint every one of those clowns into a corner. Come at me, bitch! Show your true colors! Nothing ever materialized though, because I might very well have been the biggest wimp of them all, but it sure as fuck was a vivid daydream. I fantasized about terrorism back in those days to a degree that would seriously

creep people out just they knew about it. The other band members knew about it of course, but they had their own little madnesses to cater to. All was good. I knew myself well enough to know I would never dare to do something in real life. And I honestly mocked myself for exactly that.

Since Slutet was centered around authenticity (authenticity being sacred a virtue for the whole Endcommunean enterprise), I had waded about in the black metal swamp with the hopes of finding authenticity for a long time... to find some peers. On some days I did find it, but mostly, I really did not. What I encountered instead was often an extreme form of collectivist groupthink and tribalism (the worst part being that these people often conceptualize themselves as being free and ranging "wolves", mighty predators, strong-willed Nietzschean individualists, misanthropic Satanists against "the whole fucking world", etc.). What a fucking sham. Seeing "anti-cosmic misanthropes" producing and raising children with affection and love whilst proclaiming and ushering the total destruction of the whole fucking world, maaaaan! Hail Satan! Ave Satanas! Yada yada yada, bla bla fucking bla. Fuck you. Be honest. Have some fucking dignity.

All this said, I must concede that black metal art is extremely important to me, and it was hugely important too, by the time I started writing riffs for Slutet. And that was a very contributing factor as to why I became so mad and annoyed when I found black metal to be done the "wrong" way. I wanted to rebel through authenticity, and Slutet was that rebellion for sure.

I think this nonsense is prevalent even more so in black metal than in other sub-cultures or counter-cultures or whatever. I don't think you can find a musical genre more vain and more obsessed with image than black metal. Maybe Gangsta rap, maaaaybe. But at least they fucking shoot people up and deal drugs. In black metal, there is very little of that. You simply do not do what you say you do. It is a fantasy world for most people, and that's really OK, I really like it too, you know – I just have a very hard time with the LARPing, that's all. Just the average attitude of a black metal "Satanist" towards life comes off as extremely boring and uninspiring, weak to me. I do not hate the world, and neither do I intrinsically hate humanity. So, I guess i'm life-loving poser to the truest necro-warriors within the genre. And I find much of this culture to be decadent, Godless, filthy and fucking dishonest – yes, i say it: most of it is pathetic and makes me cringe. That said, I concede that there is a very fiery core, much alive, at the center of the genre, and that core to me is highly important even to this day. That is why I am so irritated lol – I fucking love black metal!

In fact, i have been meticulously monitoring black metal for about 15 years now, and I have probed its past with ardency and focused passion to find the hidden gems; I still go through lots and lots of the new releases and most of it I find to be soulless, untalented, derivative, mass-produced garbage. Most of it looks and sounds... like a product. If i have to see one more band photo of Finnish teenagers in leather vests making hand-triangles and singing about "Luciferianism" I think I have to kill them, or myself. That's how I felt. God fucking damn I despised those people, to be honest. Nowadays I am not emotionally invested, I have totally moved on, but back then I was severely spiritually allergic to what I perceived as this soulless trending. These kids, while portraying themselves as some illuminated "go your own way" Satanist militant wolf-men, would not be able to fucking wait to kiss the boots of Watain, Deathspell Omega and their likes should the chance appear before them! "Are we doing a good job replicating you, masters?". "Please, affirm us!". "Please!". "Can we finally call ourselves werewolves on our Instagram bio now???" . Fuck off. And this is certainly not a diss towards either Watain or DSO. I deeply respect them both. They, by example, lead – most of the rest are merely following, and it was towards those people the spite of Slutet was directed. I did not understand this behavior; it angered me. Why do they choose to look exactly the same? No soul, no personality! And Black metal without soul, what is that? What is that exactly? About as stimulating as the fucking Eurovision Song Contest, let me tell you. What the fuck. God damn. I am going on a rant here, but I think these people should maybe try to put their soul into creating something authentic, instead of fanboying around a candle and a table, cosplaying Hells Angels prospects in graveyards and cool forest groves. And oh, while at it, black metal warriors around the world, heed my words: Jesus Christ of Nazareth was more of a strong-willed individual bad boy subversive rebel than you will ever come to be. So, take your fucking plastic spell book, light up your eBay incense, sit back in your favorite chair, pretend to read Hebrew occultism you do not really understand nor care about, and invoke demons from some Wikipedia list. Slutet was a fuck off to all of that. Spewing anti-cosmic curses against the universe from your Instagram account does not impress me at all. Everyone LARPing their way through black metal as some kind of elevated lvl 218 Qliphotic Wizard can suck some very average-sized but authentic Endcommunean cock. That was my and our position. That being said, I know and I knew serious people are and were out there, and I respect them with heart and with spirit, as I do with every truly religious and artistic individual, but they do not very often pose with their tomes and grimoires on Facebook, do they? So, get the fuck out. I have no respect nor patience for these things, and it is a huge part as to why I am was never really engaging with the black metal subculture from the first place. I was a black metal recluse, and

Slutet was a band of hermits. The other guys didn't even like black metal, especially in the beginning. It is not a culture for me, but it is art(!), which is different and a much more solitary pursuit. Culture is about belonging... but I did not belong to black metal – I created it. Big difference there. So naturally, with this being said, Slutet was a huge sack of balls in the face of these bands and these people. It was like that in 2013, and it was like that in 2019 as well.

Big shout out and respect to all the real ones out there though, and all the traditionalists doing it the right way – I salute you. I really enjoy bands like Nimbifer, Vihameditaatio, Yohualli, El-Ahrairah, Sulphuric Night, Volahn, Arizmenda, Forgotten Spell, Këkht Aräkh, Skravl, Wagner Ödegård, Aryan Art, Duszę Wypuścił, Maquahuitl, Reveal! Necropole, Voidcraeft and many others, just to name a few recent examples off the top of my head, whilst holding many of the genre classics in very high regard. *Filosofem* is my most played album ever, and *Kruzifixxion* is not far behind.

I like bands who show personality. Because it does not matter how much you say you want to be an anti-cosmic fairy buzzing around some cool red dragon in some forbidden dimension somewhere – you are still human, and you have a personality, haven't you? So why do you continue the corruption, commercialization and homogenization of this potentially boundlessly powerful genre of art and style of music? I shall never understand it... I stand on the outside as if watching a house burning down, I have already saved my shit from there – let the rest fend for the house itself, I do not care anymore.

And out of that carelessness, that arrogance and that idealism, Slutet and the End Commune was born. And yes, I realize I am very antagonistic right now but this is the second and last interview we will ever do so I am going fucking wild with it. Having some fun, busting some balls, pissing in some faces. Good stuff.

When it comes to outsider art it's common to see artists draw influence from outside their genre and medium so I'd be interested if there's any piece of fiction be it literature, film or theater that was important for SLUTET?

The works of Polish art-film director Andrzej Żuławski, especially his 1988 masterpiece *Na Srebrnym Globie* was of huge importance to early Slutet. Also the works of Gaspar Noé, Andrei Tarkovsky, Michael Haneke, Ingmar Bergman, Sergei Parajanov and other filmmakers we bonded over as well. Late 1800's French poetes maudits culture, religious/anti-atheist existentialism such as Kierkegaard, Dostoyevsky and Nietzsche was very important to the

philosophies fueling the band. Musically speaking, we have always drawn our inspiration from ethnic music, European folk music, and adjacent stuff as much as from black metal. And in the very early days, free-folk and krautrock music like Ash Ra Tempel, Pärson Sound, Sylvester Anfang/Sylvester Anfang II, Furekaaben, International Harvester, etc., was very important. Back when we did psychedelics, that is. That time is long forlorn now, though, and as a result, at least personally, the interest for that type of music has waned. But I still put on the 2009 Sylvester Anfang II album and the two highly obscure Furekaaben LPs from the early 1970's on a regular basis.

What brought SLUTET together outside of the music?

Pure fucking love, comradery, beauty and friendship.

A specific song I find very interesting is “Seven Days of the Weak”, with a very out of the ordinary sample of several 9/11 news segments. What was the reasoning for that, and what is the meaning behind the title of the track?

The song title itself is an unapologetic homage to one of my all-time favorite bands, Nuclear Death. They have a song called “Seven Days of the Weak” on their 1992 EP (with the most disturbing lyrics ever written, by the way).

Seven Days of the Weak was written at the height of my terrorism obsessions, and the lyrics were written just as ISIS chased the Iraqi national army from Mosul in the summer of 2014. It was supremely fascinating for me. I fantasized about more terrorism in Europe and not only the Islamic kind but I also wanted to see a kind of European nationalist retributive terrorism against the Muslims. I wanted to see chaos, discord, enmity, hostility. I wanted comfortable people to freak out. The limpness and self-important, pseudo-moralistic, ultra-humanistic, weak posturing of the west contra the rabid religious fanaticism of the Mohammedans. What a show! I realize as I write this how immature I was, haha.

I wanted Europe to get what I at the time honestly thought it deserved. War. Back then I was a silly boy, I concede that, but the emotions were real. Nothing obviously surfaced however, because I was as weak and pathetic as the very society I strongly criticized. I think it was a good thing that, after all, I am a very kind, empathetic and caring individual at core. People could never deduce this information about me based on my demeanor or behavior. I am shy, polite and avoidant of conflict. I was just supremely frustrated with my own life as well as with the world around me, whilst at the same time harboring a weird, morbid interest for things people normally would deem extremely dark and worrying.

If people did not know better, they'd probably consider me sociopathic at that time. Those, however, close to me, always knew how much love and positivity I had and wanted to spread – to those I figured deserved it. I was full of paradoxes I couldn't – and still can't – fully explain. I was a freak, for sure. We all were, but in various ways. We all had our dark shit we had to explore. Nowadays I am very balanced and healthy though, I am grown up and I pursue other, higher ideals in life although without ever planning on apologizing for my Satanic youth. You'll get no apology from me: it was heartfelt and I never retract responsibility of my passions. You'll have to go full SJW cancel culture on me before I'd ever consider that. What is done is done, what is thought is thought, what is felt is felt. Remember, folks: authenticity is everything.

By the way, I think the lyrics of Seven Days of the Weak are some of the coolest I did, honestly.

What is the worst description someone has made for SLUTET?

They are all great. Someone described "Love & Beauty" as "vuvuzela black metal" due to the apparent noise-factor and unlistenability of it. I loved that one. I really appreciate when people dislike Slutet. Strong emotions are important emotions. But other than that, people don't really talk a lot about Slutet at all, alas. But that's fine. Most people are mainstream, even within black metal, and I understand that.

Does SLUTET endorse the use of hard drugs?

No. We endorse nothing but the individual agency to go after them if one so wishes. Personally, I would recommend people to stay away; most people can't handle them. At the same time, I truly believe they can be an existential tool and a methodology of spiritual and creative exploration. But no, Slutet never endorsed anything except its music.

In 2014 you released 3 demos which were only attainable through sending a personal offering of either blood or hair to the band. Was a personal bond with the listener the reasoning for this practice, and how was the response to it?

It was a total anti-commercialist fuck off kind of thing. To separate the wheat from the chaff. The maniacs from the scene tourists. It worked well. We gathered hair and blood from across the world: Chile, USA, Norway, Germany, Slovakia, Finland, Sweden and even fucking Indonesia of all places! That day

was really a special day from us. Slutet fans – in Indonesia! I think people appreciated the novice approach whilst at the same time, it kept the scene tourists and perceived posers away. And I don't think a band has ever done anything similar, not to my knowledge at least.

Any final fukk offs for Black Blood?

Nope. Thanks for giving a shit.

UNPUBLISHED EARLY



INTERVIEW

CONDUCTED BY

**SOME GUY
CALLED FELIPE
(CHILE)**

JULY 2014

”THE BEGINNING...”

1. How, when and why? Regarding to the band, of course.

Dzhanet Abdullayeva: I have no idea as to how, when and why, to be honest. The idea had been conceived and conceptualized for years when we first rehearsed in September 2013. 'How' would probably be the easiest one to answer. We pick up instruments and play. Or pencils to write. Or cameras to film - because it would crawl underneath our skin otherwise. There is no concrete 'why'; there is no cemented goal or even a light at the end of this tunnel, which we crawl towards. Time will tell. We are still the mere embryo. The whole concept, at its most basic, is indiscriminately an elongation of the lives of the individuals involved, and we are young and stupid still. There is no-one in this mess that has a clue as to how it will end; the only thing we know is that it will someday, and when that day comes, we would like for it to go gracefully. With dignity. The driving force behind it all is annoyingly diffuse; I do not know at all where it comes from but I am very, very certain it exists. I feel it pounding to my temples with every breath, like the anvil being hit with a hammer. There is no choice, no matter how ardent my futile attempts would be at paving myself another way. It is undeniable. We love it, and we hate it, just as we do with ourselves. We do not do this because we want a hobby, or because we feel good when we entertain people. This is not a charitable project. So why do we do this? This is emotional survival, my friend. Slutet is that ugly face staring back at us in our mirrors.

2. You also define yourself as The End Commune. It is a form of collective? And it seems that music isn't just the only realm that you take care of.

Dzhanet Abdullayeva: The End Commune, to which Slutet belongs – being, thus far, its most stable cornerstone, is transgressing beyond a mere musical aspect. You are correct in this. Slutet is but one musical project in the broader End Commune. It is very, very unclear as to how it will happen, but The End Commune, we perceive it, will expand in some way or another (perhaps even into non-existence?). It is like a mycelium underground from which Slutet, for example, is a ripe fruit. We play, we film, we write, we photograph, we paint, we cut ourselves and stare into the wounds and we take walks in the woods and we laugh and we fuck and we cry and we almost give up and ... the whole thing is extensive to us. It rises out of the abyss of ourselves and returns to its epicenter. It protrudes from us. There are no laws nor are there rules. Perhaps we release a few demo-tapes and then vanish for 10 years - that is realistically imaginable.

Or perhaps we shit works - recordings, films, poetry - out our ass in a very rampant pace over the coming years. That is also very plausible. Thing is, we do not have a single clue what will happen with it, because our lives are very not clear at the moment; we are young and unstable still and in an age of war and constant change, but everything we do, everything that might happen and everything that will ultimately be done under the flag of the End Commune will be genuine and heartfelt; nothing is per se unthinkable; from the merest fragment of a thought to the deliberate acts of terrorism, you know... The fog is clearing by the day; it has been doing so since at least 1992. What this is, we do not even ourselves know for certain.

3. The first recordings of Slutet will stay as an appetizer as you guys have told me that work has already begun for the next release and will not put much emphasis on the distribution of the demo. What have made you take this decision? I enjoy the demo quite much and it's great, but don't you think that the lack of exposure of the band might somehow limit the impact of the next releases?

Dzhanet Abdullayeva: What is good enough to be seen or heard, will become seen or heard in due time - especially in this day and age. We are not worried about distribution nor are we worried about the magnitude of our impact. The people we want to reach will be reached anyway. It is but a matter of time. Also, the first demo is probably perceived as a closed – but nevertheless important – chapter by every individual involved.

4.-On the demo, there is an angry melancholic feeling that goes very well with apocalyptic rock you guys play. Did you wanted to imprint that mood onto the record or did it come naturally? Also, I've been told that are quite a number of band members, so how exactly is the compositional stage of the band with all that many opinions and takes on the music? Something like a schizophrenic speech?

2083: We wanted the musical outcome to reflect us; we want the whole thing to be directly symptomatic and consequential to our life experiences. It is very personal, so it is not that surprising that it comes across as very emotional. Sometimes Slutet is one person, sometimes, a whole many more. There is not a whole lot more to say about it except that the compositional aspects of the band have, thus far, not become a concern in need of resolution.

Abdulaziz al-Omari: I myself have no previous experience of creating music

and before Slutet have not let a single soul hear a sound of my own singing, neither do I really play any instruments. What I have to work with, I suppose, are my emotions. My contributions to the mood of our art in that sense come naturally. While taking in and grasping the words written down by the incredible poets that are my family members (a family in its true sense), I am consumed by extreme sensations, covered in tears, filled with rage and frustration, delighted at the fact that another being can use language to describe my personal and at the same time very intangible experience of living better than I myself could. To me, this process of creating music has given birth to an extremely close and intense bond between the souls involved. When I for the first, second or 30th time speak the words written by the poets of the End Commune I feel that these poems are the ones I desperately have needed to express but with a frustrating irony can not compose. I hope my fellow members agree with my saying that we are several individuals with high levels of introversion and much need for introspection, but our individual urges to express ourselves and do something of real substance melt together quite well. Slutet, being a concept with many definitions, can in one sense to me be defined this way; several individuals, or souls if you will, together in one room both physical and mental delivering ourselves in a cry or roar that may sound like orderly music or chaotic noise. It would not really matter what it sounds like to you. We need this.

5.-One of the elements that stand out the most in the demo is the amazing vocal work. It has a great theatricality added to its display and it steals the picture in big portions of the demo. Also, a lot of that melancholic feeling that we talked above is due the capacity of her voice to transmit so well any type of emotion as the music ranges from state to state.

Ratatosk Schizotype: I suppose this might stem from the fact that I am all too familiar with an everchanging, inconsistent shift of emotion and mood. As you tell me the music ranges from state to state, I can't help but to draw a parallel to my own being. Be it in the duration of a day, a month or a whole lifetime. It is as if I am constantly waiting for a new monster to appear right around the corner. And the monster comes. It fucks me by entering the esophagus, twists around my spinal chord and makes love to my being. And suddenly the monster will have no part of me, it will go on to exit through my asshole as excrement - disgusting me, and leaving me with a strange sense of unfamiliarity; jamais vu, if you will, as I stare at something which was a minute ago undeniably a part of myself.

6.-On the intro tittle there is a reference to the kapala and as the track is named "Old Blood Kapala" you somewhat give the overall atmosphere of

the demo, the stench of something dead lying on the sun for too many days. While reading the lyrics one does not find much connection with any religious/ritual topic, so its meaning must be hidden in your purpose. What's the reason for its title?

Paranoid Avoidant Insomniac: I am in every way religious, every man is, whether its christianity, the government or atheism, everyone conforms. As do I, but I simply choose my religion to be The End.

Ruzanna Ibragimova: A fundamental cornerstone in the concept of Slutet is the psychology – individually and collectively – from which it all derives. There is an extensive interest in psychology and spirituality permeating the band and a great deal of inspiration and material is derived from our personal psychological, oneiric, and parasomniac experiences. The title to 'Old Blood Kapala' is an example of that. I found it written down on a piece of paper next to me one morning. What it means exactly, I do not know, but something it does mean.

7. And while we are in a theme related to mythos, why you have placed a Molotov cocktail in Anzû's hand? Anzû was the divinity that stole the Tablets of Destiny, so my guess is that you guys see a lack of fire in everyone destiny.

Paranoid Avoidant Insomniac: Yes, there is symbolism to the Anzû depicted holding a Molotov cocktail. As you mention - according to Akkadian myth - Anzû stole the Tablet of Destiny from the supreme gods on which the destinies of everything was inscribed, thus giving its owner governance over the fate of creation. There are different accounts (mostly differing between Sumerian and Akkadian sources) as to which deity is holding the Tablet in its custody (which is irrelevant anyway), but the tablets always belonged to deities perceived as almighty, omncreative, etc: "Heavenly Father"-archetype deities, such as Enki for example. As Anzû stole the Tablets that govern all destinies, he stole that sovereignty from the higher order. His culpability is parallel to the Christian concept of the rebellion of Lucifer; which is, really, rebellion towards what is: the will towards abolishment of instated law often perceived - and declared - as "intrinsic" or "cosmic". In an attempt of mythological interpretation, Anzû could very well be seen, as well as Lucifer or even Prometheus, as striving for a "state of unboundedness", and, stretching it further, so does (or did) the rioting crowds in Kiev or Istanbul as well, for example.

We feel sometimes that we root in that same spiritual soil – personally, as individuals, and conceptually, as a band.

We call ourselves Slutet (Swedish for "the end"); we are a representation of that and we are symbolic thereof; our lyrical and conceptual work is often childishly committed to the satisfactory task of discerning the symptoms of the collapse of human civilization; our intellectual and philosophical discourse is often of an eschatological nature - we see the so-called 'apocalypse' as merely a question of where and when. We see it as unavoidable and we call upon it; we want to count down every year. It is reasonable, we sincerely think, to state that the stupidity, primitivity and banality of the collective human, coupled with the awesome competence and sharp-mindedness of its elite, will probably end in catastrophe... We think that modern (western-sprung, capitalist-consumerist) culture and society, to which everything is literally a vessel these days, is digging an open grave for itself in a very slow but steady process that has been going on for centuries, and the mourning garment hung over its face when the bell strike its final hour will be one that mankind has been weaving throughout the turn of millennia...

The Anzû, in our symbolic language, is a representation of the will to power (one's own destiny). By using imagery of the primordial, we state that it is ever-pervading; as it was, it will always be; changing in appearance and expression, but nevertheless eternal; latent or active. It seems to be built into the human condition, and as human competence and development is increasing by the very minute, so will the impact of its entropy. By merging ancient symbols of disorder, uproariousness towards the paradigmatic order and disobedience (the Anzû, for example) with more recent ones (the Molotov cocktail, for example), we express the timelessness of the archetypal rebellion and refusal of submission; a fire that can not be tamed, one might say. The mythological beast armed with modern weaponry is thus a binding of the past and the recent (ever-existing) Shadow-aspect of the collective human and societal consciousness; the unwanted but overwhelmingly real and intrusive sides of human reality, the suppressed negations of "human empathy" and "intellect" and so on and so forth. It's a symbol of misconduct - as it was, as it is, - and it is a symbol for the chaos and catastrophe brooding like a scythe over the fat neck of mankind, and its subsequent failure against the built-in disintegration and entropy mankind does its very, very best at trying to cover up and deny until the very end, when it will violently force its way up to the surface of that seemingly crystal clear, calm little pond some think and talk about as the success story of humanity.

8.-Another element that is related to the visual side of the emphasis put into the pictures of the band members and in a way, as everything is related, they share a lot of similarities with the music. Taking that into account

there is a kind of holistic way to approach the band, the intuition that listening to the music is not enough to fully get what you guys are up to.

2083: I am not sure we ourselves fully understand what we are up to. I would like to draw a parallel to the monster I mentioned earlier. Apart from a consistent inconsistency of emotions and moodsets, the seemingly important phenomena of insights, conclusions, thoughts, dreams and perceptions are to me of a quite unfettered nature. I am currently having trouble finishing these sentences. It is as if everything I do, everything I feel and touch, everything I say and think, every insight I reach is a scripture in the sand of a seashore. And that feels fine, until I remember that tides turn, sea levels change. Also, there are major fucking tsunamis every now and then. But there is a force, whose origin is placed on no map, urging me to keep writing in the sand. And so, we ooze art, in many forms. Because all too often, I must come to realize that words simply can not engineer a steady enough bridge, between my being to another, to bear the weight of this force oozing out of my pores.

9. In the same sense, talking about that holistic approach, the lyrics have more the structure and subject treatment of a literary object. We have already talked about the images or pictures, and the compositions are far more above average, so it is clear that you are using every artistic resources to expand the impact that it will ultimately have on the listener. Is that what you wanted to do?

2083: In a sense that might be true. I find your observations interesting. I wouldn't say that our approaches to art as individuals and what we do as separate entities before merging into a whole is done with an agenda of keeping a collective aura. But I do understand what you mean, if I have interpreted you correctly. Taking the freedom to speak for the other members of the End Commune, I would like to note that the individuals involved are a part of this partly due to the fact that they are in fact individuals, and intensely so, with integrity, privacy and egoistic pursuits, needs and ambitions in life of which they are all highly aware of.

Without this need for introspection and sincerity there would be no Slutet or and there would be no End Commune for that matter, as no one would have anything to bring to the table.

That said, many sounds, pictures, texts and videos are created as a result of for example retreating from friends in inspired boredom and apathy. Yet somehow, like the individuals of the End Commune, these separate entities seem to want to come together quite closely. It is as if everyone is made out of their own little

puzzle, each carrying a million pieces. And the unification of the individuals appears to be a puzzle in itself. As to why an improvised sound from fingers so modestly touching a guitar, a set of words suddenly appearing, bewildering and unthoughtfully rhyming (much like the poet himself), the hallucination of another calling my name in the fuzz of a Trist-song and the invitation to platonic nudity seems to fit well together I can not tell you. How else would it be? Perhaps you are only seeing what you want to see in the holistic perspective of the End Commune. But I want to tell you that we all tell of dreams of abandoned houses, old houses, houses in the wilderness with connecting rehearsal spaces, forests, lakes and seas, terror, panic, shadowy men chasing us, limbs cut and torn, blood, battles, fights, rape, insidious women, decapitations, fear, obstacles in forms one could not even begin to imagine and endless struggles of which we in our dreams seek aid and refuge within whatever the other members of this family have begun to represent to the dreamer.

10. There is a short movie you guys made on 2013. While the movie itself it's a short, it's filled with symbols. We can distinguish one (or two?) individual dress in a shamanic-like costume, a suicide rope, the omega symbol written in blood, and all of the aforementioned playing a relation with the environment. What were the motivations behind it, and did you decided to imprint a cryptic meaning on purpose?

Paranoid Avoidant Insomniac: It was a first, concrete symptom of The End Commune, one could say. Before it had just been thought about and fantasized about mostly. Perhaps some poems here, and some riffs there, but you know. It was the first serious, thought-through work of art. A few of us made it in a couple of afternoons, and, while it is very amateurish, it was an important step on the way; like the birth-pangs, pretentiously enough, of a new chapter in our life's. When I look back on it today, I can not help but to think it is mediocre at most, but nonetheless, very important and valuable. And yes, the cryptic imagery is a conscious move – we wanted to make a film following the creative literary method of 'stream of consciousness'... we wanted to create a series of images that was just channeled from pure imagination, that had no apparent motif or meaning: we wanted to create just an interrupted flow of imaginative imagery, nothing more, nothing less. I'm sure it'll be more of that in the future. I think it is a very relevant and fascinating approach to creativity and art.

11. The beheading of a bird is to be understand as the beheading of freedom, at least that's how I see it. And as freedom been beheaded, I believe that is pertinent to ask you guys about the conception of freedom that the band has. And as a last question on the subject, do you think freedom really exist? What are the means to achieve it? It is a recurring theme in both the lyrics.

Ruzanna Ibragimova: Of course, one could write whole books about the subject, so I'll try to narrow it down to a few precise but very, very brief sentences: Sartre was right. Man is condemned to freedom. Every action stems from a personal choice. One can learn how to control and utilize that freedom through the violent confrontation and subsequent mastery of one's own reality. Failure to do so creates a state of *mauvaise foi* - "bad faith" - in which the individual crumbles under the yoke of subjugating forces of influence (i. e. government, public opinion, media, religious authority) and is led into the discarding of the innate absolute freedom a person possesses. I think it is safe to say Slutet intellectually is founded on the presumption of the existentialistic premise - that man is inherently free, and thus responsible for his actions - and therefore, we hold "human freedom" as realistic; a spiritually and philosophically valid concept.

Indeed, freedom is an extremely relevant and undeniable concept for us, both as individuals and as a band. A whole lot of our lyrical work deals with the achievement of control over one's own machinery, so to speak, and how very hard that is; it also deals with the stupidity and narrowmindedness of the people who think they are masters of their own craft when they in reality are just wandering about like ridiculous sheep. I believe a very central aspect of Slutet is the, on one hand, back-breaking and humiliating struggle we have in order to control and perfect our own freedom, and on the other hand, the contempt and amusement that comes from observing the roughly 7-or-so billion cunts around us that do not even understand the implications of such a perilous philosophical and spiritual concept.

12. I get the notion that it was made earlier than any recording. Was this the case?

Ruzanna Ibragimova: Correct.

"THOSE WHO SEEK THE WORLD..."

1. On this track there is an image of freedom that is constantly changing, going from an idealistic idea to a dystopian one. This change of pace is very well described hand in hand with the music, as they unravel simultaneously. Care to elaborate?

Dzhanet Abdullayeva: Well, the whole thing is an... intellectual declaration of war, really. It is a contemptuous - sometimes sarcastic - criticism of the human

being, individually and collectively. And yes, the song itself is meant to correlate with its lyric as it is more observatory in the beginning, merely explaining "what is", in a way, but ends a lot angrier and insightful. A lot like how our own lives have been developing over the years, I guess.

2. What did you wanted to express when the new world appears without murder, pain and degradation? In other words, "the victory of genocide" as you've called it.

Dzhanet Abdullayeva: In our own analysis, it is a poetic account of the process of individuation as described by Jung - the ichor of our concept. The murder, pain and degradation we talk about in that lyrical passage are allegorical in nature and symbolizes the abjection, failure, enmity and hardship that process will undoubtedly demand. It symbolizes the nature of the world as we have come to know it; a vicious arena of a milliard strong and weak wills having their way in an abominable and abrasively captivating existential farce, full of violence, cruelty, suffering and depravation of all and every kind; everlasting rivalry; bigotry; primitiveness of the mind and flesh; egotism mating and entangling itself with hedonism and sadism in vertiginous spectacles of human nature... a world devoid of all intrinsic value, and sincerely a world devoid of some kind of unified will striving for peace, compassion and unconditional respect between one another... It symbolizes the murder of "intrinsic human dignity", of happiness, solace and of self-worth, and it symbolizes the pain and degradation consequential to it, but not without leaving a very important door open... The "victory of genocide" is a symbol for self-realization; the deification of the Self through means of individuation; the integration of the whole; the mending of opposites; self-knowledge unfiltered. The harvesting of libido (in its Jungian sense, and not as defined and understood by our sex-fixated society in the wake of Freudian popular psychology) into merging; fulfillment; psychic and thus also spiritual integrity; individuation: note well the etymology of integrity - from Latin integer, meaning complete; whole; intact - and individuation, from Latin individuum; indivisible. Complete and indivisible - the perfected human condition!

The genocide here is hence the symbol for the defeat of enmity - the ascent to the mountain-top - the symbolic killing of that which is hostile. The defeat by the one over the many; the sword in the heart of the numerous-headed monster. Thematically, the genocide denotes the residue of the spiritual alchemical process; the genocide becomes the expression of victory through the defeat and domination over the hostile and the oppositional. It means the transition from having become a creation to becoming a creator. In very basic terms; to become the master of your own fate instead of being the mere victim of what is

constantly happening with you. It is an outright war, and most admit defeat sooner or later, because trust me - if you want anything bad enough in this world, you will meet resistance. That is the undeniable consequence of the human condition and the world it has spawned. It is a horrible, excruciating revelation, but it is an existential pillar, and without it, not much will happen with you. So, the very short version is that those two lines you asked about denote self-realization; achievement; fulfillment of will through the overcoming of obstacle and oppositional force. It is a symbol of the strife and the spiritual ascent towards the fulfillment of the human soul - the religious experience, really. That metaphysical, spiritual state of being all religions ascribe to their teachings, but very, very few understand or even approach with the insight it demands - let alone experience in its full - and abominable – prime.

3. Perhaps the more encrypted and more thought provoking statement (or verses if you want) from the lyrics are the closing ones: “Those who seek the world shall find a corpse, and those who find a corpse shall be too good for this world.” For me they represent both the transition from a mood to another and the emphasis put into the negative, hopeless perception on life. Also, the vocals give a very chilling feeling.

Dzhanet Abdullayeva: That particular sentence is lifted directly from a film by Polish film-maker Andrzej Zulawski, whose work is strongly inspirational and influential to Slutet. The line, we felt, was a perfect closure to the subject matter dealt with in the lyric; it probably says more than whole lifetimes usually do in this day and age. It wraps up the essential point of it all; the world is upsetting, vile and ugly and so are - generally and collectively - the people inhabiting it, making it what it is. Those who feel inherently uncomfortable in its framework and those who feel repulsed and estranged at the mere thought and sight of it, will eventually come to that realization, I think, and they will falter away from it, for they have sought it, and they have found it; this often revolting snake pit we call human civilization. They will scoff at it and cry over it - laughing in mockery at best - and they will move on, creating something a little more dignified for themselves. Those words touch a very well-hidden but vital nerve in us and encapsulates what we want to do perfectly.

”RAPED BEAUTY SLEEP”

1. While on the other track the center element was the world, now we have the body as the subject. Most of the relations that was made on the first track is based on the relation with “a” subject with the nature/world, etc,

but in this case the body becomes the “dissecting table” where things happen.

2083: Well, both tracks, in conclusion, are thematically pretty similar, but I agree with you that the poetry in "Raped Beauty Sleep" is definitely more... visceral.

2. Sometimes I get the notion that there is some sort of call up for a certain attitude on mankind from the lyrics, especially everyone has “sunken into quick-sands of passive content” and the screams are trying to wake someone up. But, of course, this is just my interpretation and it can, most likely, be wrong.

2083: I have spent many years enraged and focused on evoking (or provoking) attitudes and insights in mankind. I don't have the energy or ambition for this anymore. The screams might wake someone up, but from my perspective they might be seen more as the screams of a baby who herself has just awoken alone and terrified. Or a piece of flesh covered in blood and vaginal fluids screaming in utter trauma at the cold and light facing her outside of the womb as she once again is born.

3. When I first listen to this track on its whole glory, I couldn't but to think of it as some sort of anthem. The way it's start with the vigorous first sentence. Would you care to elaborate a bit on the composition of this track in particular?

Abdulaziz al-Omari: It was the first song ever composed for Slutet (some parts dating back to at least 2010) and we wanted to make it monolithic; like a setting of the bar for things to come. In hindsight the song is arranged almost like a day, starting out fast paced and aggressive before "transgressing into night" and "going to sleep" in the long mid-segment, which I would describe as "dreamy" and calmer, contrasting a lot to both what came before and what comes after it; "raped beauty sleep".

4. What's your definition of beauty? And for that matter, where is to be found? I kind of get the vibe of a Mishima definition on the subject.

Vulgar Ruminations: This is a very stimulating question to me. I do not know if I can define beauty, or anything else for that matter. Words to me are a great conundrum and I relentlessly dig my nails into my own face in frustration upon realizing that they do no justice as to reflect the process, or experience, of

touching upon the abstract concept in my mind. In that sense I am alone, terrified and trapped within myself. Drawing a parallel to the earlier topic of oozing art out of my pores – I do not know why, but I feel a desperate need to express myself, to defecate and to exhale. So, I try to speak and write, but these attempts to connect with other humans only seem to make the walls of my prison snugger and narrower. So, I cry and scream outside of the central train station, now without control of my own need to dig my hands into the chests of other humans in an attempt to MAKE SURE that your insides look like mine. But now no one will come near me. So, I try to draw, paint and build only to realize I instantly wish to destroy my offspring. My friend placed me in front of a microphone, once again I scream and cry only to find myself in a fetal position on the floor cringing, possessed by a monster who screaming and biting convinces me that I belong in my prison cell. I hate myself. As to the question of where beauty can be found, I have lately had a delightfully rude awakening to the fact that it can be found in things utterly grotesque and disturbing. I get the feeling that any attempt I would make to define anything to you would sound like me turning the common definition of a word upside down. But everything is upside down and inside out, and I work very hard to turn it right for the anthill that is human civilization intrinsically insists on twisting everything into madness - and the ants proceed to define it as sanity! I hate people, they are vulgar. It is as if I have twisted everything straight, inside out and upside down once again and with doing so I find that the most abysmal darkness really is light, the profoundest of sorrow and grief really is solace, love is hate. Within this insight, which comes to me only briefly but repeatedly as I find myself sunken at the bottom of a dark sea, I find what I suppose one would call beauty. All things will deceive you, as things slowly go from inside to outside, up to down, constantly confusing you. I am a very confused person and I now direly wish to eat all the words I have given you here for I, simultaneously as experiencing the opposite, have no wish to be heard. Words grow into a dangerous concept in my mind, I can not make myself understood this way. I will let you have this answer to your question but I will hate myself for it.

”THE END”

1. In both tracks there's the figure of the leper. What does it symbolize for the band and why did you choose it?

Dzhanet Abdullayeva: The leper, to us, symbolizes the spiritual cripple; someone completely cut off from the very processes - introversive and extraversive - that govern his or her life down to the very emotions they feel and

the very actions - from the meaningless to the grandiose - they carry out. The "leper" denotes spiritual necrosis and degradation of character. The leper, in our lyrical world, denotes also the standard of the modern human, whose horrifying and rot-stenched shadow few people flee, let alone ourselves - but it is the driving-force of every worthy one to do so.

2. I like how both songs have some elements that repeats inside of them. Showing a kind of continuum, the elements being thematic (the lepers again and the "ugly sun") and musical, well, maybe not that musical similarities except the vocal patterns retaining its theatricality.

Dzhanet Abdullayeva: Yes, you are correct. There are, and will be more, lyrical elements and themes correlating. A lot of the things we write for Slutet is probably perceived as being parts of the same literary vision; the same conceptual universe.

3. There's a sort of wish from your side for political and social chaos, a wish that is not implied in the music but in the "statements" you made through your FB account saying that you wish that Uppsala was more like Kiev, etc. What do you see/get in these political situations that ends up in chaos?

S: Every structure created, physical or mental, has sprung out of weakness in the psyche; the fear for our self and of facing our nature of chaos. We've handled our tool for pattern recognition with imprudence and fear for too long now that there is no longer a healing revelation in the horizon. Therefore, is civilization the first pimple to be clamped and that's why events such as the ones in Kiev or Middle-east is welcomed. In Uppsala, as to the whole nation and more, politics and society has drained the population's consciousness, allowing them to act as sheep to whoever decides to herd them. Stepping up to tear apart neutrality is something very noble. Not that it ever leads to any political achievements or conjoins people, but it makes people around to feel fear and anxiety in their own shelter under the big hand that shakes our crib. That is the biggest achievement.

Those statements about the wish for more political and social chaos are crude provocations toward the society from which we stem, which, in our opinion, promotes conclusively escapism from horrendous, aching, shameful and unwanted realities, and we do not like it at all. As a matter of fact, we dislike it with passion. We rather represent and encourage a violent confrontation with the totality of reality - physically; metaphysically; emotionally; spiritually - encompassing not only the darkness from which we spawn but also the darkness toward which we all crawl; an uncompromised experience of life gleaming in

all its depraved glory, riches and sufferings alike; light and darkness complementing each other...

We are not particularly fond of this society in which we happen to live, where people hide away in their cocoons of fear, safe and stable from whatever may wreck them... They'd rather have 100 healthy, stable, safe, predisposed years connected to IV bags comfortably locked in front of their black screens, rather than a mere 50 at the top of this world! To understand what I mean, you'd have to understand some things about Swedish (western?) society where we linger in modern apartments, injecting materialistic shit into our systems methodically, systematically... watching junk, reading junk, hearing junk, feeding ourselves with emotional, spiritual tranquilizers... conforming to a collective mass, the stupidity and banality of collective human psychology... a cesspool where fucking Facebook algorithms know you more in-depth than your lover, your mother or your supposedly best friends!... Forgetting how to both feel and act, suppressing everything that would matter both consciously and sub-consciously - every day a new climb on the pyramid of weak wills; every night a sleep on top the soothing web of Abrahamitic solace; every morning a focused moment of prayer and genuflexion in the dollar sign churches! People would rather be numb, indifferent, superfluously happy for a whole life than experiencing the whole spectrum of human emotion... What is that!? ...

We want to be a repellant towards all this indifference and these lukewarm spiritual and emotional states of being... We want people to feel; love or hate we do not care! Hate us, spit upon us, scourge us with your puny whips, then we are on our way. Not because we necessarily care about these people at all, but because we want to rip their eyes open to a completely different world experience; they can't choose... who could choose The End, save perhaps a God? Note though... This is not some gay-hearted philanthropy, moral crusade, nauseous humanitarian concern or anything of the sort, don't bother believing that... are we supposed to care for these fools? We'll leave that to whoever is willing to do so. It is neither of our responsibility nor of our concern... And besides, we get excited when stability crumbles; it is a feeling of empowerment... It is a feeling it diffuse but powerful satisfaction, seeing that fear in the eyes of the police, when they realize they are no longer in charge... or when government buildings burn from the Molotov's, and officials feel their knees shake because they understand that unconditional power is no longer their privilege... When the monopoly of power is ripped from their hands and shoved right back into their throats... And for the record: most of you who read this will probably sigh and say that the only way one can possibly have a standpoint like this is that one has never experienced instability; chaos; fear for one's life; terror; poverty, etc,

for real. And I can agree with that. No argument there. But we do not live in war zones and the relative socio-economic and humanitarian stability of our country has shaped our understanding of the world - obviously, of course. Truth is that we would not survive long in the battlefields of Syria or Eastern Ukraine, nor do we claim we would. We will never claim anything of the sort until we can live up to our claims, having actually shot a human being point blank in the face, which, I'm sure, will not happen anytime soon... Neither are we particularly well-equipped for the living conditions a majority of people endure on a daily basis - that is not our point either - but I think the extreme... outright boringness and worthlessness of our surroundings is fueling our will for chaos. Because there is a strong will and wish for it. The most exciting few seconds of the day is when there has been a traffic accident in the city, you know. Blue lights and a sense of decontrol. It's like pre-cum for the spirit in me. We want it because we are at war in our hearts and we want for our streets to correlate with that... That is what we mean when we say we wish Uppsala to be a little more like Kiev (was).

4. On the subject of substances. What's the use you give drugs and such? Just a recreational purpose or there is more to it? Some individuals find that the only way to tolerate existence is through drinking/drug abuse because existence itself it's too sad/boring, etc. Your thoughts?

Escapist Rumination: I believe that a certain attitude and fascination towards alterations in the mind is shared between all members of the band. These alterations can have any imaginable source - such as drugs, walks through the forest, a song, a face, an afternoon nap, the tickling of a thought bordering on insanity. Differentiating the relevance, value and reality of an inner experience stemming from for example hallucinogens from experiences stemming from legal sources of influence seems like small minded ignorance to me. I have a hard time understanding a person who has no desire or inclination whatsoever to attempt a full exploration of his or her inner universe. A lingering, sometimes molesting sensation of a necessity to explore and discover hidden corners, bends and rooms of my inner self comes flowing through me. One must sometimes remind oneself that no matter how much you explore the world around you, the one inside has far more treasures to discover, fruits to devour and monsters to slay.

5. The tape also says "Never listen sober!" While I broke the rule a couple of times, on both situations I got the same desperate feeling. Do you think being sober or not affects the listening? It is well known that some music

gets reinforced by the uses of substances, but, for example, I get the same out of Kafka, sober or not

S: I do not really know why we wrote "never listen sober" on that thing, as, I'm sure, we do not follow that rule ourselves at all. Whoever wrote it was probably far from sober for the time being and figured it was a great thing to write, but this is probably a bullshit statement from someone of us. With that being said, I think every possibility to listen to our music on any type of psychoactive, mind-altering substance is a good possibility to do so. That in itself is NEVER a loss. Only perspectives can be gained with this, not lost - and if they go lost, they were never particularly important to begin with. Note though: we do not do "drug music" per se. It is not dependent on drug use to be potentialized - we are not thick-headed stoners making music that feels "nice and cool and spaced out", but we sincerely feel that drugs can be a way to deepen your relationship with the music - as they, in fact, alter consciousness, sensing and cognition - creating a completely alternative musical premise. So, I say; fill your mind with drugs and listen to it or save that for another time. Either way, it is great.

6.-As you have used all sort of technics and mediums to explore your proposal, have you thought about the possibility of live performances?

2083: Yes.

7. Uppsala seems to be one of the most “creative” spots in Sweden breeding some really vicious bands. What’s wrong with the water there?

Ratatosk Schizotype: That is a good question. I have no idea as to why Uppsala specifically, but I think I have something to say about it from a more general point of view: first of all, Sweden has a good socioeconomic climate if you want to achieve things similar to what we do. Getting musical equipment or a rehearsal place is not that hard over here, and moreover, we generally do not need to worry about getting food on the table the next day or things like that. Materialistically, it is all taken care of. When people do not need to think about outright survival, there is time to think about other things, and some people do just that. Why there is such a prevalence of great bands from Uppsala specifically, I have not the slightest idea, but I guess generally, tendencies of post-materialism are rooting in our parts of the world since people have so fucking comfortable lives; people do not have to worry about hunger, natural disasters, sub-par medication and healthcare, et cetera. I do not think the high suicide rates of developed world countries like Sweden are randomly coincidental to this: the existential suicide is a lot more common over here than

it would be in for example Africa, or some other region of the world with incomparable material living standards. On the other hand, the suicide driven by economic, physical, or material reasons, are far more prevalent in other parts of the world. It is extremely rare for people to slit their wrists over - for example - economic difficulties in Sweden, or lack of food, systematic authoritarian abuse or some other material/physical misery. I do not really know, but that is what I speculate. I could imagine it. I think this is symptomatic for the Swedish - and western - society (i. e. the industrialized, so-called "free, democratic world", to which Sweden inarguably is a spearhead). It is a blessing and a curse, because it makes people horribly lazy and overtly comfortable, but also, it allows (some of) them to think for a minute. Some people feel an inclination to do that, now as they have the space for it. It allows them to care for their spiritual and personal development, and it allows them to pick up instruments, or pencils, or colors, and it allows them to think about the great mysteries, the meaning of life and whatnot... It drives (some) people to suicide in the same way it drives (some) people to great works of art, I think, which is merely two different symptoms of the same sickness.

8.-Do you feel in any way influence by the works of others? Being music, literature and cinema some of the most common fields of inspiration, do you include other sources in that list?

S: I would lie to both you and myself if I were to claim that nothing and no one has influenced or inspired me in what we do. The urge to create and exhale, which is the major driving force behind Slutet (and ultimately one of very few rocks I can cling on to justifying my refusal to drown) resides and has done so within several human beings throughout history. I would like to go so far as to suggest that it is this excruciating purge and deliverance in itself, with all the tranquil chaos and upsetting silence it entails, that defines the Human Being. Though I must remark, this would (from my subjective, highly personal, empirical experience of people) exclude a majority of so called human beings from the definition. I have a hard time coming up with specific names or titles by which I feel I am influenced. A possible cause for this is my inability to perceive my own contributions to Slutet with an outside perspective, who, or what am I reflecting other than myself? I couldn't say that I listen to other vocalists and actively think to myself "this! I will do what this guy does!" - with all due respect and admiration of other bordering-on-insane people who cry like babies dwelling inside wolves into microphones and on city squares - my sense of influence and inspiration is rather an abstract one, I would even prefer to call it an intimate relationship with an oblivious partner.

I, and we, do copy or imitate other artists by reusing certain phrases, words and sounds I suppose. I have no problem with this. If anything, it might hint at the idea of there being a certain common denominator between individuals of a spiritual nature.

It seems these artists, the Human Beings of mankind, in their shivers and hysteria, on their prison walls etched the same metaphors as I do, using the same vocabulary and expressing things I cannot avoid relating to. I like to believe that their etching was and is to free themselves from the same itch I have. And language gives me very little choice but to speak in metaphors and riddles. Be it a magnum opus on 15,000 pages of typed paper or a reluctant whisper asking, proclaiming, gagging, once again asking and then perhaps definitely stating "paradox!", these Humans are trying to express an experience of a magnitude beyond words. Concepts and ideas so smooth in their vibrations of your spinal cord, archetypal in their nature and intimately embedded in the definition of the Human Being stem from an utterly abstract source. I seize influence and copy when I feel that the material is a metaphor for a generic experience of the spirit which thus does not belong to anyone. I am certain (stating this with full awareness of "certainty" not quite being what I would like it to be), that these artists of which I become inspired and influenced, in their minds have, even if only for a brief moment that wasn't really a moment at all, clenched - or were they in fact being smothered? - by these ideas or concepts of which I try to speak. These ideas - in essence being abstract and subjective experiences - make it fully impossible to actually communicate the properties of them to another human being. Ironically enough, these experiences are usually the ones I desperately wish to communicate and so I have begun screaming into a vacuum, scribble in notebooks hurrying to be shelved, draw on papers waiting to be ripped apart, sigh and moan onto demo tapes waiting for analytical rape.

As I in a frenzy beyond my own control search for patterns, synchronicities and cobwebs (without torturing myself with the time to stop and ponder with what goal I speak a dead language) I can't help but to seek rest and a hot meal in words, screams and colors escaping every cavity of artists, as if their art is the only log cabin I've seen for days and we are all really lost in the woods. I stop to reflect upon how they seemingly have archived their metaphors into their bookshelves in the same order I have, reaffirming my sense of being at home. This hospitality quite quickly makes me feel pathetic, weak and even lonelier than before, as I realize that no matter how much this log cabin reminds me of my own, it is not. It so evidently seems to me that there are others trying to convey the same message as I am and I see my own inadequacy in the words,

chants and portraits chosen by artists who of course have not either found the right tool to carve themselves out in the big rock weighing them down. And they will not, for they are the sculptors and the rock must be pulverized. I leave the encounter with an inspiration and influence which I would rather call an intimate relationship convincing me that paradoxically I am not alone in my solitude, the faint banging I thought I imagined coming from the other side of my prison walls are real. Honestly, I do not know why the banging of these fellow inmates encourage me to keep etching my itch off in the concrete walls. But they do. I force myself to have faith in the possibility that they imply that my subtle but paramount intuitions regarding all my bewilderment and all my questions emanate from something breathtakingly real. I now read through this sticky mess I have written down, humorously reassuring myself that it is actually my answer to the questions you asked me. I find anything and everything in its right time and place will reveal itself to me as a source of inspiration, as if myself, time and space were tangled together in a very organized mess where that shirt and that hairbrush yes, actually is supposed to lay in that pile of dust and withering leaves in that corner of the room for that way at least I will be able to find it.

I stop to consider the plausible idea that whoever finds it interesting enough to read what I have written here will question my sanity, my dignity, my genuinity, my arrogance and so on. So, do I. And spontaneously I thought to myself I will not let this answer be given. Then I remember how I wish I could read through all the ink which I hurried and in shame scratched to conceal confused clarities in my diaries. And besides, these are just metaphors.

9. I would like to end the interview with a quote from one of the lyrics. It is also what is on the air after the tape is over.

“These yokes are heavy, and they crush our shoulders to dust”

2083: Sincerely.



INTERVIEW

CONDUCTED BY

BOOTHAEVEN'S MAGAZINE

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Even though Slutet was widely considered to be a BM band, the music was often times only bordering on what is generally pigeonholed as BM. Considering how critical you were about BM in the Black Blood interview, it comes to no surprise that Southern Spruce drifts away even further from that genre; both musically and aesthetically. And yet, some touching points still remain.... Have you internalized the BM vocabulary in such a way, that it comes naturally to express yourself through it?

Yes, indeed. When I do riffs, they just turn out that way, no matter how vitriolic my contempt might be for the lesser cretins of this genre. Black Metal has been my first and foremost musical referential frame since ca 2004 (before that, Iron Maiden & Slayer ruled supreme, and before that, KISS – my trajectory has been quite typical...) and it still is quite important part of my musical life. The Southern Spruce full-length will showcase a lot of black metal elements and that seems to the members ourselves as a completely natural and typical thing. It always just seems to turn out like that. There will still be a lot of punk, a lot of rock 'n' roll and of course a lot of wacky horns and shit, though. Remember, we never started out playing Black Metal, we ended up playing it. Something just compels us in that direction. But we sincerely have never been part of that culture in any meaningful way. We have never called our music black metal. Slutet nor Southern Spruce.

While browsing the web I stumbled upon the homepage of The End Commune. More often band pages are a bit dull (and come to think about it, they're becoming rare as well), yet the pages for The End Commune filled with random thoughts and insights form an interesting addition to the Commune's musical endeavors. Now, I'm doing a cut'n paste paper zine, so I'm not the one to speak, but isn't a written blog holding on to a dead medium as well? Anyhow, not unlike your music, the idea of a "search" or "quest" seems to be an underlying common thread.

Can we go into three topics that are reflected on in your writings:

Your religious stance: I believe you want to acknowledge the existence of a kind of Godlike entity, yet it seems like the completion of that deity isn't really colliding with the modern

understanding of it. Also: for one genuinely reflecting on religion and spirituality the run-of-the-mill ‘satanism’ must be really cringe-worthy...

Religion has been a fundamental focal point since my late teens. Back then of course, I considered myself strongly anti-Christian, but I also intuitively rejected LaVeyan hippie nonsense right from the start. Staunchly anti-Christian, staunchly anti-LaVeyan. Naïve, youthful, stupid days, but also ardent, curious and passionate ones. I thought I had something to say about religion when I was like 18 – wrong. The *humilitas* is not very strong in teenagers, that’s for sure. I then experienced a lengthy period of turmoil in the ever-so-lovely snake-pits of value nihilism, skepticism and philosophical pessimism. This was also a period of malnutrition, self-mutilation, drugs, and anxieties of many various kinds. But my spiritual... curiosity, never really faltered. During that time I immersed myself more and more into religious thought, theology and philosophy. The strongman “body positive” Graeco-Romanesque idealistic existentialism of Nietzsche helped me understand the inseparability of spirit and flesh, and made me start to lament the idea that “mind over matter is all that really counts”. It is a stupid, naïve, immature idea. Gnostic-style dualistic fundamentalism grew increasingly senseless and also existentially dysfunctional to me. This, in combination with delving quite deep into the absolutely mindblowing (in the most profound sense of that neologism) of C. G. Jung, steered me towards a kind of hero worship strongly injected with Jungian mytho-analysis (something which permeated strongly the ethics, lyrics and concepts of Slutet, by the way; thematically, Slutet was a combination of Jungian introspection, Nietzschean *übermensch* values and agitative anti-social weirdo terror romanticism). Kierkegaard cornered me and made me realize that Christianity, after all, is not all stupid weak shit for losers, and that, sincerely, the atheists and indeed many BLACK METAL FUCKIN SATANISTS around our wonderful globe are pretty much always arguing a strawman, simply because they have no idea what their perceived enemy *really* is about. Herrmann Hesse's *Demian* became like a lost, beloved brother and Simone Weil really taught me the weight and value of hard work and humility. I was trying to syncretize a quite extreme individualist Nietzsche-oriented existentialist philosophy with the unhinged fervor and ecstasy of devotion to the True God and to the Holy Mother Mary and all the saints, mystics, martyrs and angels... and

by that point I was sure I was steering myself onto the path of a Religious life, in some form or another. I still have no idea what is the Truth and God, but if I can approximate even an iota of it during my cursed years on this earth, I shall die a powerful and spiritually furbished man.

by the way, in the name of *humilitas*, I must mention that I am an absolute layman with these things and I claim no tremendous insight, ardent academic study or theological expertise. I just find myself thinking about these things. I gravitate towards it intuitively, mystically almost. I claim no intellectual or spiritual authority of any kind. I am just a seeker.

Physicality: Can I water your ideas on this topic down to a “mens sana in corpore sano”- approach, perhaps even with an ascetic ideal to it? Now, I could be mistaken, but physicality seemed to have played an important role within Slutet? Is this the case for Southern Spruce as well?

Mens sana in corpore sano. Exactly. There has always been a central theme in Slutet and TEC which is just that – the struggle for balance between the flesh and the spirit. The pains and sufferings caused by failing with the disciplining of the body. The inclination to lusts and greed, hedonic gluttony. In the early days of Slutet, I mishandled my body grievously. Malnutrition, drug overdoses and constant drug intake, strong lack of physical exercise and deficiencies caused by nutritional and health apathy related to angst and depression. Corporality and the relation between body and mind, that classic dualism, has always been strong in Slutet and Southern Spruce as well, but in changing, evolving ways over the years. Back then, the ideal was more radically Gnostic in nature. Definitely more... I guess devil-worshipy. The body is just a prison. Fuck the body, cut the body. Elevate the spirit at the cost and peril of the body. Even destroy the body in the very purpose of consciousness elevation and spiritual ecstasy and that type of stuff. Back when ritualistic drug abuse self-mutilation was a thing within the End Commune. But it has evolved surely. From the book:

“I will say this: my personal "discovery" of nutrition, bodily health and my subsequent adoration of athleticism came with a newfound respect for St. Irenaeus, along with parts of the heresiology I youthfully and so

stubbornly discarded as ridiculous just some half-decade ago. Now, rather, I want to develop a kind of kickboxer existentialism! A runner's faith! I echo the insistency of Irenaeus: body, body, body! It is important. We must train the body in order to be able to rule it. True devotion is managing to direct it at both faith and health. Salvation is a matter of the whole person – body and soul! I think the mysterious tribology between Man & God happens inside the human body, through the distinctly human experience of that body, along with the human soul which solicits all that. And I will not allow myself to fully sink into either of the two; soul or body. I do not think I like this fervent dichotomization anymore! I am I. I am fullness, a circle, a pre-programmed system waiting for code. I am not either-or, not in the slightest. I am a man of flesh and I strive to become Aurelian in my stoicism; Kierkegaardian in my introspection; Nietzschean in my existentialism – and Shevchenko-esque in my discipline and athleticism! These are my ideals. And no enemy will steal that from my heart.”

To conclude: yes, Slutet, Southern Spruce and The End Commune is the story of a few young friends taking on the world – with body *and* mind – through the release-valve of underground naïve, radical art. Yes – physicality, the struggle against it and the beauty of it, has always been very central to the whole thing. However, on a personal level, as I described in an answer to an earlier question, this kind of radical Gnostic body-spirit dualism and the kind of “anti-flesh” stance bordering on the cynical, that we pursued early on, has been abandoned. Both morally, spiritually, theologically, and practically.

Regarding the topic of art, I found an interesting entry, and I’ll just quote it:

“Art—the accumulation of the finest human efforts, there are three of them: to create beauty, to identify it when one sees it, and to remain from resentfully—or carelessly—destroying it upon the realization that it cannot be understood with reason!”

Now, when you think of art as a form of “beauty” or “a fine human effort”, what is that you have in mind? Rather the Saint Matthew Passion or Transilvanian Hunger, or something else entirely? I think

I can deduce that you attribute a certain power to art; do you strive towards that with the End Commune projects?

I think that art is one of those few fundamental human endeavors which truly and distinctly separates us from other species. It is very anti-bestial. It is a very human thing, and it is very connected to both our religiosity, our aesthetics and our angst. I am sure there are some anecdotal super-rare reports of some type of monkey having some manner of crude, aesthetic expression, but you get my point. No person of sane mind would even try to argue that animal endeavors of this kind can be even remotely compared to the great artworks of humanity. It is an absurd proposition and an intellectual suicide. So, once we understand that art and religion is what both separates us from the animals, and connects us to one-another as human beings, we might begin to explore them conceptually, explore them for what they truly are: art – the splendor and beauty – and religion – the unbearable meanings of the human spirit... but art somehow makes these meanings bearable somehow. I don't know why. I don't know what the hell is going on, obviously. All I understand is that art is supremely important for the human being. It seems it allows us understand the world and the human condition through the prism of talent and beauty: through the aestheticization of the human experience, and that, in extension, we treat as highly important. Art is human life beautified; aestheticized; metaphorized. Art makes the great depth approachable, as if through a tunnel or a wormhole or catacombs, some mystical entrance. We understand, from art, things beautifully; things which we otherwise would have understood as ugly, horrible, heavy, uncomfortable. But it is not with reason we come to these insights. That is the problem for modern men, and that is what that quote is talking about, I think. We are still spiritually hardwired to art, yet we scoff at its fundamental preposition that it cannot be objectively and rationally and reasonably defined and understood in its beauty. Rather, one must let go and explore the landscapes of art at spiritual peril, and certainly not with some methodology of rationalist inquiry: here is no reason that will protect you from yourself. To quote from the book:

“I must say: regarding these people in which the mystical part of themselves is rarely contended with, and for these clueless demagogues whose spiritual faculties have remained padlocked since inception with the keys to them having never been bequeathed nor even stolen – who can blame

them for their atheistic sensibilities, their rationalistic infatuations? It is not their fault precisely that they have grown up in a habitat devoid of God, but it is nevertheless their culpability. In some cases, it is not precisely their fault but it is God-damn surely not their victory either. But I cannot help my irritation: listen to their intellectual rumpus and their hot-headed babbling and preaching the religionless religion – it is like listening to an autistic kid explaining the beauty of a painting! An autist may know the brand of the colors; he will have known the width of the hairs of the brush; he may know the producer of the canvas, and he will understand the theoretical techniques the artist has made utility of! But he will not be interested in the weird darkness from which the motivation to create it – and the unexplainable appreciation of it – grows out of from the very first place... yes, listen to the maundering of the atheist, a cacophony of dying hornets falling from faith's sunset! Watch him stomp the grapes of mysteries into a fine wine of not passion and ecstasy but of arrogance, a viticulture of intellectual hubris...”

And by the way, I am talking about the whole spectrum. You ask what I have in mind when talking about art – we are talking about Michelangelo, Aboriginal cave paintings, Marina Abramovic and Varg Vikernes in the same breath here. I mean art as a human phenomenon. From “Starry Night” by Van Gogh to “Заревом над прахом” by Forest and whatever in between. From Caravaggio to Deathspell Omega. The Venus of Willendorf, the Great Standard of Ur, Hamlet, the first Black Sabbath record.

“Train to Istanbul”, the Southern Spruce EP that was released earlier this year, covers a journey by train from Uppsala to Istanbul. Presumably a lot happened during that trip and you probably don’t feel like reducing it to a compressed answer in an interview. Can you briefly unveil some things though:

How did you or perhaps a fellow traveler end up in Erszebet Hospital?

That was a crazy night. Long story short: on Munich central train station we met a weird woman, she wanted to join us. We did not mind. So we

jumped on the train from Munich to Budapest together. Hungarian border guards became a bit of a problem because apparently, she did not have the proper documentation (?) and our bags were full of drugs. Nothing really happened though. In the end, they didn't seemingly bother to care. Very weird encounter. When we arrive in Budapest, myself and one of my fellow travelers, we call him Svantopold, embarked on a Budapest street exploration and picked up Cocaine from a local street vendor appropriately scouting for tourist victims right outside the bus station. In any case, the coke was legit and we flew across Budapest, chilled on an island in the Danube, smoked cigarettes and talked. However, our other travel companion, we can call him Timotheos, enjoyed his time with this woman we had met. They went and had their own adventure, whatever that was. I really have no idea. Walking around, exploring, doing drugs, potentially fucking, probably. However, later that night, drug intake had reached more radical levels and the gang at one point met up and split up again, at a very sketchy night club in a dilapidated house in central Budapest. Timotheos ended up in some argument with people there, and some kind of hostility ensued. He left, but overdosed/seizured/convulsed right on the street, prompting worried bystanders to call an ambulance, I guess. I wasn't personally around for this, as I, by this point, had managed to walk myself astray and lost in labyrinthine Budapest night-streets, but if I understand correctly, that is what happened. Flash forward to the morning after: myself and Svantopold awakes at the shitty, dirty hostel dorm we were staying at, but there is no Timotheos to be found. This quickly became a problem, naturally. We had a train to Bucharest to catch, but our friend had vanished. Turned out he had quite a night at a Budapest psych ward, as he was so fucked up from drugs, lack of sleep and other factors that he confusingly thought the psychiatric personnel were people trying to "take him away" or "do something evil" with him, therefore he attempted to get the fuck out of there, I guess. That is why they belted him and forcibly submitted him over the night, with no real way of contacting us. We ended up going on a friend-hunt in Budapest, finally finding him with the help of a grumpy but ultimately helpful police woman, locating him to a nearby hospital. When we found him, in his hospital gown and all, we just left instantly, taking a cab straight to our Bucharest train. And that was the story of Erszebet Hospital. The

Hungarian government hospital still sends Timotheos bills for his involuntary Hungarian hospital stay, lol.

How stressful is it to carry substances with you via public transport into Turkey; a country known for heavy jail sentences related to possession, use or trafficking?

It is indeed stressful but at that point, I really didn't care that much. Benzodiazepines help a lot if you want to traffic drugs. It calms you down. But yeah, of course, thinking about the consequences, the answer is yes. It is stressful haha. And also, the potential humiliation of them finding out I'm hiding the drugs up my ass. You do not want problems with Turkish border control. Especially when you have "PKK" tattooed on your chest... one of the stupidest moments of my adolescence for sure. Both the "PKK" tattoo, and smuggling narcotics into Turkey fit into that category. Pure unadulterated youthful stupidity. I've taken narcotics into Iran as well, its nerve-wrecking – *what if they find it, and what if they actually care?* – but i've never encountered actual problems. Good thing I have stopped with this. I have grown up. But I think they wouldn't bother too much because I always "trafficked" narcotics in the form of pills (opioids, benzodiazepines, pregabalin and Z-analogues chiefly) and not in the form of "street drugs" (powders like amphetamine or cocaine, zip bags, cannabis, obvious paraphernalia, etc) . I think that is the trick. To be honest, the whole asshole thing was probably unnecessary but now here I am, answering an interview question about it, so I can't say I regret it. Stupid, stupid, stupid. But a fun little anecdote.

Through the EP we got acquainted with Mafia Mustafa, the guy who ran a certain "Best Island Hotel". Don't know why, but I felt like checking some online reviews and, boy-o-boy, this place could literally be the worst hotel in Istanbul:

"I loved Turkey until we stayed at this hostel", "a strange man in our room doing disgusting things", "They locked us in the reception and demanded we pay extra", "the brother, who also works in the hostel chased me down the street yelling death threats and slapped me in the

***face*”... Do you deliberately seek out these type of accommodations, like for the fuck of it?**

Hahaha, no, it was a complete coincidence. We chose Best Island Hostel because of its pricing and its location, and it just turned out like it did. Simply choosing the cheapest and travelling on a budget will get you in contact with a whole bunch of crazy people. I am glad it turned out the way it did. I wonder what the fuck Mafia Mustafa is doing now, today.

I assume you discovered quite a bit of music during the route; recommendations you could share with us?

Thinking back, the playlist during that travel and during those times consisted a lot of Bulgarian folk music, which was the chief discovery for me personally. The traditional Bulgarian polyphonic recordings by Filip Koutev National Folk Ensemble are amazing examples. Such a mysterious, sublime and powerful sound. Ethnic Balkan culture is fucking amazing. That trip was so good. And it has come to be one of my favorite regions of folk music, for sure. It is, if possible, greater than even Caucasus music. For reference: “Malka Moma” by Neli Andreeva & the Filip Koutev Ensemble on YouTube. It is the most famous example. Also, “Bre, Petrunko” by the same choir, especially the short 70-second 1991 version is mind-blowing. We listened a lot, also, to the 2nd, 3rd and 4th albums by Aryan Art, which complements the folk music just perfectly, and abridges it to black metal and evoking a truly rare kind of majesty. The song “Душа (Пътуване)” especially. This later influenced both “Jihad” and “Love & Beauty” by Slutet.

LYRICS & NOTES
ACCOMPANYING
“BEGYNNELSEN” BY

2LUTET



originally released by
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This is commentary and context on all songs made between 2014 and 2017, written for the “Begynnelsen” compilation by Slutet.

OLD BLOOD KAPALA

THIS INSTRUMENTAL INTRO WAS ONE OF THE FIRST SONGS WRITTEN FOR SLUTET, PROBABLY IN 2012. THERE IS NOTHING MUCH TO SAY ABOUT THIS SLOPPY, INTRODUCTORY PIECE. THE TITLE CAME FROM A DREAM I HAD, WHEREIN A SKULL-CAP FILLED WITH BLOOD WAS A CENTRAL THEME. THE SPOKEN WORD SAMPLE IS FROM CARL GUSTAV JUNG – A HUGE INSPIRATION ON THE WHOLE ENDCOMMUNEAN PROJECT AND MORE OR LESS TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE BAND.

RAPED BEAUTY SLEEP

“RAPED BEAUTY SLEEP” WAS THE FIRST SLUTET TRACK, THE FIRST RIFF OF THE SONG BEING THE FIRST I EVER WROTE FOR SLUTET ON AN UNPLUGGED BASS GUITAR PROBABLY WAY BACK IN 2011 OR EVEN 2010. I REMEMBER BEING HEAVILY INFLUENCED BY **SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES** WHEN WRITING THESE INITIAL RIFFS TO WHAT EVENTUALLY WOULD GROW INTO SLUTET. IT IS THE ONLY SLUTET TRACK RECORDED TWICE, BOTH IN 2014. COMPOSED AT A TIME WHEN MY LIFE WAS COLOURED BY A RECENTLY DEVELOPED AND FURTHER DEEPENED DISGUST FOR WHAT MY STUPID BUT PASSIONATE AND REBELLIOUS YOUNG MIND DEEMED “HERD MENTALITY” AND GENERAL COLLECTIVIST WORLD-VIEWS, IT IS A “LAUTREAMONTIAN” OR PERHAPS “MALDORORESQUE” LAMENTATION, AN ARROGANT AND CONTEMPTUOUS MOCKERY AND, I GUESS, SOME KIND OF ALLEGORICAL PREDICTION OF CONTEMPORARY SOCIETY (WITH WHICH I AM IMMUTABLY FIXED AS WELL; MAKE NO MISTAKE: I SCOFF MYSELF ALMOST(!) AS MUCH AS I CHASTISE THE MEDIOCRE COMMONFOLK). FURTHERMORE, THE WORDS FOR THIS SONG WAS HEAVILY INSPIRED BY BIBLICAL APOCALYPSE AND – AS IS COMMONPLACE WITH EARLY SLUTET LYRICISM – **EDITH SÖDERGRAN**. THIS I REMEMBER QUITE VIVIDLY. INITIALLY, THE SONG WAS MUSICALLY INSPIRED BY POST-PUNK, **SAMAEAL** MIXED WITH 70’S SWEDISH PSYCHEDELIA LIKE **PÄRSON SOUND** AS WELL AS KRAUTROCK (**ASH RA TEMPEL** CHIEFLY), BUT THE SECOND VERSION IS FOUND OMITTING THE DRAWN-OUT JAM IN THE MIDDLE FOR A MORE DIRECT AND FOCUSED APPROACH, ALTHOUGH THE SONG STILL FUCKING DRAGS ON FOR 11+ MINUTES SO I DON’T KNOW IF I SHOULD CALL THAT “DIRECT AND FOCUSED”. ANYWAY, I CONSIDER THE SECOND RECORDING OF THIS SONG AS ONE OF THE TOP 3 SLUTET SONGS. I STILL GET GOOSE-BUMPS ON A REGULAR BASIS FROM THE VOCAL PERFORMANCE ON BOTH VERSIONS, BUT PERHAPS ESPECIALLY ON THE SECOND ONE. AND FOR THE RECORD, THE TITLE OF THE SONG IS HEAVILY INSPIRED BY A **DEMILICH** SONG.

HERE WE HAVE THE LEPERS! A HUNDRED BODIES MOVING AS ONE, SNEAKING TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, WALKING CROUCHED IN THE DITCHES BESIDE THE ROYAL CHARIOTS, BESIDE THE CARAVANS OF WORTHY PEOPLE, LIKE SICK CATTLE, EVICTED FROM EYES, CONDEMNED TO A FILTHY CORNER OF ALL MINDS; THE FEATURELESS FACE IN THE MOVED AUDIENCE: THEY NEARLY SUFFOCATE TO DEATH BY EACH MINUTE. THEIR UNFINISHED YAWNS COLOUR EMPTY FACES IN WEIRD TONES... THEIR VIRGINS MOCK THEMSELVES WITH OWN FINGERS THE BLESSING HAND RETRACTS AND THE PALM CLOSES. THEY COVER THEIR GENITALIA IN FETID GALL AND PROCEED TO LOVE SLUM HOUNDS, AS THEY DO WITH MEN. THE BEASTS CONQUER THEIR MOIST VAGINAS. BESTIAL SEMEN COLOUR THEIR INTRUDED HOLES. TORRENTIAL SPOUTS OF BLOOD-CLOTTED PLASMA. THEIR PROLAPSED WOMBS MOANING LIKE A MILIARD ORGANS... THIS IS THE BIRTH-SITE OF DEPRAVATION, WHERE ITS MOTHER WRITHES IN LABOUR! THIS IS ALL SOURCE OF DEPRAVATION; WHERE PEOPLE LIVE BY IDEALS THAT ARE NOT THEIR OWN, AND WHERE THEY HAVE SUNKEN SLOWLY INTO QUICK-SANDS OF PASSIVE CONSENT, AND WORSE YET IS THE MOST HIDEOUS SUBLEVEL OF THIS DEPRAVATION; THE CESSPOOL WHERE VOICES DO NOT RING LOUD, AND THE FLAMING TONGUES WANE IN THE COLD AIR, WHERE SELF-DECEIT AND SELF-LOVE UNITE IN A MOST ABSURD, DOWNRIGHT TASTELESS MATRIMONY... THEIR FEET STAND ON MURKY GROUND; THEIR FEET ALL SINK INTO THE ORDURE THEIR WOMBS ARE BARREN, AND THEY STUTTER LAMENT. BENT-OPEN MOUTHS HAVE HAD THEIR TEETH SMASHED OUT. BODIES ARE RAPED OF SO-CALLED BEAUTY SLEEP. THEY FALTER THROUGH LIVING WORLDS AND AT THE SIGHT OF IT, SHED TEARS AND SOB RAZOR WINDS BLOT PORTALS, BLOOD AND DIRT, AND THEY ARE TERRIFIED! THEY CAN NOT BEAR THE WEIGHT OF TRUTH BECAUSE THEY FEEL PAIN WHEN THEIR ILLUSIONS SHATTER LIKE GLASS MIRRORS, ONCE REFLECTING THEIR UGLY FACES BUT NOW THE SHARDS CUT THEIR PINK FLESH; BLOOD SPURTS OUT; TEARS FALL; LIES SMOTHER, ALL GIVES WAY TO SUFFERING – FOR THESE YOKES ARE HEAVY, AND THEY CRUSH OUR SHOULDERS TO DUST, LEST ONE PREPARE...BUT THIS IS NOT THEIR LIFE! THIS IS A RIVER DELTA OF UNFULFILLED HOPES, CRUSHING DESPAIRS, THE RUIN OF FAILURE AND DESERTION; THEY CAN NOT YET SEE ALL THEIR EMBERS BUT THEY ALL KNOW IT IS THERE SOMEWHERE; A

LUMINOUS SUN IN THE DARKNESS. NOW! CONSUMED BY THE
RETICENCE OF ALL DESERTS, IN VISIONS, THE SCENT OF
CATASTROPHE EVER PERVADING THEIR NOSTRILS THE VISION OF
IMPENDING DOOM EVER BEFALLING THEIR EYES THE TASTE OF
EMBITTERED GALL EVER CONTAMINATING THEIR TONGUES THE
SOUND OF HOLOCAUST HOOVES EVER DRONING THEIR EARS
THEIR WHOLE LIVES BECAME ACTS OF REBELLION; THEIR
COMPLETE EXISTENCES ARE LIKE RAZOR BLADES RESTING
DANGEROUSLY ON THE WRISTS OF TOMORROW'S CHILDREN...
RAPED BEAUTY SLEEP.

THOSE WHO SEEK THE WORLD

CONTINUING LYRICALLY IN THE TRADITION OF THE FIRST ERA OF SLUTET LYRICISM, THIS IS A DYSTOPIAN, APOCALYPTICIST "BALLAD" DEDICATED WITH A BIG, SWOLLEN TEENAGE NONCHALANCE AND BRAVADO TO THE MODERN WORLD, ITS CULTURE, ITS VALUES, ITS TABOOS, IDEAS, AND – ULTIMATELY – ITS SUBJECTS. ORIGINALLY WRITTEN ON THE EVER SO IMPORTANT UNPLUGGED OLD SHITTY DUCT-TAPED BASS GUITAR I ACQUIRED AS A 14-YEAR OLD BOY. THE SONG TITLE IS LIFTED FROM A MONOLOGUE IN THE POLISH MOVIE "NA SREBRNYM GLOBIE" (1988) BY ANDRZEJ ŻUŁAWSKI; "THOSE WHO SEEK THE WORLD SHALL FIND A CORPSE, AND THOSE WHO FIND A CORPSE SHALL BE TOO GOOD FOR THIS WORLD" – WHICH IS ALSO THE SENTENCE CONCLUDING THE SONG. ALSO, IT IS THE GREATEST MOVIE EVER MADE. WHILE THE SONG FOR ME IS NOT A PERSONAL FAVORITE, IT IS AN IMPORTANT ADDITION TO THE CORPUS OF EARLY SLUTET; I THINK IT COULD HAVE MATURED A BIT AND WE SHOULD PROBABLY HAVE SAVED IT FOR THE NEXT DEMO. NOT EXACTLY PLEASED WITH THE DRUMS, BUT I GUESS FOR AN AMATEUR IT IS OK.

THE UGLY SUN REEKS, SLOWLY THE ORDURE THAWS IN THE HEAT.
LEPERS CRAWL OUT OF THE DARKNESS; THEY LOST THEIR EYES
TO IT. THEIR ELATED IRISES ARE SWALLOWED BY DREARY
DISTANCES. THE ODOURS VIBRATE THE HAIRS OF EVERY NOSTRIL
TO EVER BREATHE. THEY EXTEND THEIR TONGUES AND CONTORT
THEM AND IN DESPERATION TRYING TO FIND CLEAN STRAINS OF
WATER OR EVEN PLUCKING THE LAST NUTRIENCE FROM THE
DUNG. THEY WORSHIP THE WARM SHIT WITH BENT TONGUES...
BLACK BLOOD WHIRLWINDS FLARE ACROSS THE STALE HORIZON:
I SEE CLOUDS ABOVE THEIR CHURCH CRENELATIONS, ABOVE
THEIR HOUSE-ROOFS. I SEE CLOUDS LINGER, BROODING, OVER
THEIR GUILLESS SHOULDERS WHEN THEY PUT THEIR EYES

UPWARD, THE CLOUDS REFLECT UPON THEM: ALOOF, FROM THE SAFE DISTANCE, THEY LOOK TREMENDOUS, AWE-INSPIRING BUT ANY SANE MIND WOULD RIP OFF THE MASK AND UNVEIL: GREY, HOLLOW, WITHHOLDING NOTHING BUT SMALL CHEMICAL CONFLATIONS CREATING AN ILLUSIVE GRANDEUR BEYOND THEIR ACTUAL SIGNIFICANCE... AS ABOVE SO BELOW: THE CLOUDS ARE MIRRORS IN THE EYES OF MAN, AS HE GAZES UPWARD... HUMAN THOUGHT AND VALUE BOUND TOGETHER FRAGILY, JUST LIKE THEM. UNSUBSTANTIAL, SCATTERED THOUGHTS ARRANGED AS A LARGER SHEAF AND SPREAD OUT TO ALL HUNGRY, IMPOVERISHED CHILDREN STARVING! HERE WE HAVE MEANING! HERE WE HAVE THE DEAFENING CLANGOR OF PEACE! OF RIGHTEOUSNESS! OF MORALITY! OF THE FARTHEST REACHES OF THIS JOURNEY! WE'VE ALL HEARD THE CONSTANT BLEATING AND MOANING AND WEEPING AND COMPLAINING AND BROW-BEATING AND ALL THESE SELF-IMPORTANT FOOLS FREEDOM! DEMOCRACY! WORSHIP IT, FOR IT SAT DOWN ON THE EMPTY THRONE NOW WE CAN BE "FREE" AND HAPPY TOGETHER! AS CONSCIOUS AS A FAMILY... WE CAN BE CHARITABLE, BECAUSE WITH FREEDOM COMES RESPECT WITH FREEDOM COMES LOVE, HOPE AND PEACE, AND PERHAPS WE CAN START OVER? PERHAPS WE CAN CURE ALL DEPTHLESS WOUNDS ON THIS ABUSED BODY? BUT ALL THE ALMS FAIL, AND WE ARE LEFT WITH INFECTION. CLAP-CLAP! THE CURTAIN FALLS. WAKE UP.FREEDOM! FREEDOM! THE CHAINS FELL TO THE GROUND THEY THOUGHT... SIRENS! SIRENS! THEY CALL OUT INDEPENDENCE! AUTONOMY! SO WE'VE HEARD... THEY DO NOT SEEK FREEDOM, THEY WOULD NOT WANT FREEDOM! THEY REAR AWAY... WHY WOULD CATTLE, ALONE, VENTURE INTO THE DARK NIGHT FOR FERTILE RIVERBEDS? HERE THEY HAVE JUST ENOUGH WATER...THE PHILOSOPHY WITHOUT A SPINE... EASILY DISPERSED, JUST AS MERE CLOUDS, BY A THICK, BLACK SMOKE RISING OUT OF THE ABYSS OF THOUGHT, AND THUS RETURNING TOWARD ITS EPICENTRE THIS CONFLAGRATED SKY IS UNDERPINNED BY WEAK TIMBER MOTH-EATEN, BLACK, FEEBLY ROOTED IN MOIST MARSHES AND IN THESE MARSHLANDS SABOTEURS SOW SMALL FIRES WHICH, OF COURSE, WITH SOME MILD ASSISTANCE, GROWS LARGER THUS EMITTING A FOUL, THICK, BLACK SMOKE THAT SCORCHES THE CLOUDS, AND FROM IT, ACID RAIN BECKONS THE EARTH, MUCH LIKE WORMWOOD. IT INTRUDES HOLES, DAMAGES CROPS, SICKENS THE CATTLE, IT DEVOURS THE PASTURES, IT EMBITTERS THE SWEETEST WINES IT

POISONS THE WELLS AND MAKES LOVE WITH ALL THIS MISERY IT WILL CRUSH THE MOUNTAINS OF THOUGHT AS IF THEY WERE PILES OF LITTER AND FROM THE ASHES OF THESE BONFIRES, NEW FORESTS EMERGE AND BREACHES GATES TO A NEW WORLD, WITHOUT MURDER, WITHOUT PAIN WITHOUT DEGRADATION AND THE ABUSE OF THE SHEPHERD'S CROOK IN THERE, WHAT ALONE EXISTS IS THE BITTER VICTORY OF GENOCIDE; THE SLAUGHTERED PIG OF FALSE HOPES AND SELF-DECEIT! THOSE WHO SEEK THE WORLD SHALL FIND A CORPSE AND THOSE WHO FIND A CORPSE SHALL BE TOO GOOD FOR THIS WORLD.

SEVEN DAYS OF THE WEAK

*THIS SONG HEAVILY INSPIRED BY THE GREATEST SUNNI JIHADI REVOLUTION IN MODERN HISTORY – THE RISE OF **THE ISLAMIC STATE** AND THE REACTION OF THE GULLIBLE, RIGHTEOUS-THIRSTY YET DISSOCIATED AND MORALLY FAKE WESTERNER TOWARDS IT. IT IS FURTHERMORE INSPIRED BY ISLAMIC EXTREMISM, TERRORISM, RIOTS, CIVIL UNREST, URBAN DECAY AND DYSTOPIA IN GENERAL, SOMETHING I WAS QUITE OBSESSIVE ABOUT. THE WORDS FOR THIS SONG IS BASICALLY AN OFFENSIVE SPIRITUAL ATTACK TOWARDS WHAT I PERCEIVED AS THE CORRUPT, DEGENERATE, PATHETIC ELEMENTS OF WESTERN POST-MODERNITY. YOUNG AND CUTE, THIS SONG IS – YET, I THINK – POETIC AND VICIOUS. ONE OF MY PERSONAL FAVORITE TRACKS AND A HIGHLIGHT OF EARLY ENDCOMMUNEAN LYRICISM. THE SONG TITLE EMBARRASSINGLY RIPPED FROM – OR PAYING ENDEARING TRIBUTE TO – **NUCLEAR DEATH** AND THEIR 1992 NAMESAKE SONG. TO ME, IT IS NOTHING BUT A HOMAGE TO ONE OF THE MOST DISTURBING PIECES OF MUSIC AND LYRICS EVER PUT TO TAPE AND PAPER. I RECALL DEAR MEMORIES FROM EARLY STAGES OF THIS SONG WHEN I AND LIVRÄDD (BASS) LISTENED TO DEMOS OF IT, SHARING A COUCH HIGH ON MDMA, SPEED AND WEED IN A HOUSE IN A VILLAGE OUTSIDE MARBURG, GERMANY.*

DAY 1. SIRENS WAIL IN WEIRD, LOW FREQUENCIES, VIBRATING THE HAIRS ATTACHED TO SOMETHING WEAK AND DYING, UNAWARE OF ITS OWN RAGING SICKNESS. MIGHTY TEMPESTS ABROAD THE HORIZON GATHER TREACHEROUSLY IN STRENGTH, AND BENEATH THE CRUST, THE FIRES SCOLD THE EARTH'S FOUNDATION. SOME FEEL THE EARTH'S CORE SHIVER, AND THE STENCH OF WARM BLOOD; MOST, HOWEVER, FEEL SOME OTHER SHIT. BUT ALL IS SILENCE. THIS IS THE DAY THEIR LORD RESERVED FOR SACRED REST, WHICH IS BITTERLY SARCASTIC BECAUSE TODAY, NO ONE CARES ABOUT THEIR PRECIOUS LORD... "TODAY WE'RE ALL HAPPY AND TODAY WE LAUGH; TODAY, WE DO NOT CARE ABOUT OUR

PRECIOUS LORD; TODAY THE LORD CAN NOT DO A SINGLE THING FOR US! SO WE BRING DISGRACE OVER OUR LORD'S WORD". THE FIRST DAY IS THE DAY OF SILENCE. **DAY 2.** A NAUSEOUS STORM WHIPS THE GLOBE INTO FURY AND MADNESS; MOLOTOV COCKTAILS THROWN IN ARROGANT FACES. HUMAN FEET TRAMPLE THE BODIES OF THE POLICE; THE SCENT OF FUCKED HUMAN MEAT AND WARM ASPHALT. THOUSANDS OF BLACK SCREENS REPORT FROM THE FRONT LINES OF THE FINAL CATASTROPHE. THE MOB MOVES LIKE SCARED CATTLE, CHASED LIKE COWS INTO THE ABATTOIR. SKYSCRAPERS STAND AS IRONIC MONUMENTS OVER THE COMPLETE FAILURE AND DISRUPTION... THE WORLD LEADERS JOIN HANDS IN THE FOURTH CIRCLE OF HELL. ONLY THE CACOPHANY OF THE HORNETS AND LOCUSTS SHALL SOUND AT THE VERY END, ALONGSIDE THE NOISE OF DYING PEOPLE BLEEDING IN THE STREETS, CURSING THEIR COUNTRIES, THEIR BELOVED FLAGS, CONDEMNING THEIR ORIGINS IN BITTER CYNICISM AND HOPELESSNESS; THEIR EYES OBSERVE THE PLANET'S OWN LITTLE 9/11... THE SECOND DAY IS THE DAY OF THE DOWNFALL. **DAY 3.** THE TOTAL INDIFFERENCE OF THE EARTH TOWARDS ALL HUMAN LIFE BECOMES PAINFULLY APPARENT. SO, TRY TO BLOW YOUR HORNS - BLOW YOUR BRAZEN HORNS! ALL THERE IS, IS SILENCE; THERE IS NO AIR LEFT... FROST WINDS FUCK THE EARTH UNTIL ITS CRUST IS ICE; THE THIRD DAY IS THE DAY OF CATASTROPHE. **DAY 4.** YOUR FACE IS A DEAD SUN PUKING BLACK RAYS INSTEAD OF WARM LIGHT ACCOMPANIED BY THE EERIE SILENCE OF MUTE PEOPLE DYING. THE FOURTH DAY IS THE DAY OF DARKNESS. **DAY 5.** PILES OF HUMANS CONVULSE EPILEPTICALLY, LIKE INTIMATE LOVERS IN THEIR WARMEST MOMENT, SHUDDERING RETARDEDLY AT THE POETRY OF LIFE; THEY VOMIT WORDS IN EACH OTHERS FACES: THE SATIN BED OF THE WORLD, EMBROIDED WITH ALL IMAGINABLE BEAUTIES, IS DISCOLOURED WITH THE RADIANT BLOOD OF ALL BODIES SQUIRMING ON IT. THE FIFTH DAY IS THE DAY OF HYSTERIA AND THE FADING OF HOPE. **DAY 6.** SIRENS NOW WAIL IN DISTURBING OCTAVES, DEAFENING THE EARS OF ALL HOPEFUL CHILDREN. TERROR AND DARKNESS FOLDS IN THE ROBES OF TOMORROW: THE WISE START THEIR SOBBING REPENTENCE WHILE FOOLS STILL LINGER IN PASSIVE STATES OF TERROR. "FAST NOW! NOW WE NEED OUR LORD AT LAST!" CHOOSE YOUR FINAL SOLACE; PRAY TO WHATEVER SHIT GOD THAT PROMISES THE MOST PLEASANT PARADISE! IF THERE IS ANY DIGNITY LEFT IN THE

HUMANS, MAY IT ALL DRIVE US TO SUICIDE. THE SIXTH DAY IS THE DAY OF DESPAIR. **DAY 7.** THE AURA OF ALL HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT GROWS DIM; MOTHER NATURE STRANGLES HER OWN THROAT... DEN SJUNDE DAGEN ÄR SLUTETS DAG.

WE REAP OUR CROPS...

SYMBOLICALLY AND POETICALLY INSPIRED BY THE WINDTHROWS OF TREES IN DARK UPPLANDIC FORESTS, AND, AS USUAL, FUELED BY A YOUTHFUL CONTEMPT AND DESPISE FOR THE "MOB", THE "99%", OR WHAT HAVE YOU, THIS TRACK IS BOTH A BIT SHORTER THAN WHAT HAD COME TO BE SLUTET STANDARD AT THAT POINT, AND IT IS DARE I SAY A BIT MORE INTROSPECTIVE, SELF-CONTEMPLATIVE AND EMOTIONAL. I FIND THE LYRICS TO ROUSE A SENSE OF DREAMING OF SPIRITUAL STALWARTNESS, A CALL TO FORTITUDE OF SOUL MORE THAN BEING AN ATTACK ON, AND CRITIQUE OF, THE PEOPLE AROUND ME AND THE ANTHILL SOCIETY THEY ALL MORE OR LESS CONSENSUALLY PARTAKE IN. AT THE TIME I WAS DEVELOPING AN INTEREST FOR POETRY AND I REMINISCE THAT PIECES LIKE THIS (AND MANY OTHER NOT ENDING UP AS LYRICS BUT AS ENTRIES IN THE **"SWORD OF ANGST"** ANTHOLOGY BOOK) WAS INFLUENCED BY IN PARTICULAR THE **POÈTES MAUDITS** (i. e. **ARTAUD, BAUDELAIRE, RIMBAUD**, etc., AND ESPECIALLY – **DE LAUTREAMONT**) BUT ALSO BY OLD OBSCURE SWEDISH LUMINARIES LIKE **ERIK GOLDKHUL** AND **MATTS RYING**.

WE THROW ROSES AND SMALL BIRDS INTO THE GAPING ABYSS AS A GESTURE OF SOLEMN GRATITUDE, LIKE PRIMITIVE MEN PAYING REVERED TRIBUTE TO THE SPIRIT OF A GREAT, GREAT ENEMY; WE OFFER OUR BODIES TO THAT GREAT, MONSTROUS DEPTH, PROCLAIMING IN A MANTRIC THROBBING OF THE VOCAL CHORDS A MOST SINCERE RESPECT TO THE MAGN-IFICENT DEVIL THAT ALMOST SWALLOWED US WHOLE. THE LINE BETWEEN WEAKNESS AND STRENGTH CUTS OUR BATTERED HEARTS IN TWO; CAN WE, THEN, ENDURE THE YOKE WE HAVE HUNG OVER OUR SWEAT-STAINED, BRUISING SHOULDERS? WE RETREAT DAY BY DAY TO AN OVERPOWERING ENEMY, BUT THE SPOILS ARE GREAT RICHES WE CAN NOT IMAGINE FOR OURSELVES A LIFE WITHOUT. IGNOMINY MATES WITH TRIUMPH AND THUS LIFE IS BEGOTTEN; WHEN DARKNESS REARS ITS UGLY FACE TOWARDS MINE, I FEEL! I CARVE MY INSIGNIA INTO MY OWN WHITE FLESH; MY GENITALS EVOKE A PROFOUND REPULSION; I DISTURB THIS UNENVIABLE SHROUD OF FLESH - THIS SWOLLEN MASS, THIS PINK SKIN, THESE OVARIES, THIS CERVIX, UTERUS AND CLITORIS...THESE FRAIL STRAWS OF BLONDE HAIR PROTRUDING FROM MY ITCHING SCALP... THIS REFLECTION SEEMS TO DISDAIN BOTH ME AND YOU ALL. NOW;

LET THE WARTHOGS OF HUMANITY BROWSE THROUGH THE SHIT OF OUR STINKING LATRINES; LET THE SWINE DRINK FROM THE RIVERS OF THEIR OWN ACIDIC VOMIT ALONG WHOSE BANKS WE WALK. YOUR MOTHER CRY TEARS ON YOUR STINKING CADAVER, LIKE A PAID WHORE. YOU DO NOT EVOKE A PROFOUND SENSE OF SELF-RESPECT... YOU FEEL SHALLOW. WE REAP OUR CROPS IN YOUR CULTURE'S WINDTHROWS.

FATHER OF BROKEN SPINES

*THE "FORGOTTEN" **SLUTET** SONG. MUSICALLY, THIS PIECE IS VERY INFLUENCED BY EARLY 90'S **MASTER'S HAMMER** AND **ROTTING CHRIST**, AS IS THE WHOLE SECOND DEMO. I WOULD SAY THIS SONG IS PROBABLY THE ONE MOST COMPLAINED ABOUT BY THE BAND MEMBERS THEMSELVES. WE HAD NOT REHEARSED IT PROPERLY (AS HAS TO SOME EXTENT, FOR BETTER AND FOR WORSE, BECOME A KIND OF SARCASTIC SIGNUM OF THE BAND) AND THE RECORDING GOT A BIT FUCKED UP, BUT I STILL CONSIDER IT TO BE A NICE AND CATCHY TUNE WITH MANY COOL RIFFS AND IDEAS. IT WAS ALSO THE FIRST TRACK WITH LYRICS CONTRIBUTED BY ANOTHER MEMBER; SAID MEMBER WOULD LATER (2018 ONWARDS) ASSUME THE DUTY OF CHIEF LYRICIST FOR THE BAND.*

POISONOUS PLANTS GROW NAKED OUT OF PARCHED SOIL TO THE SOUND OF FIFTY STILLBORN CHILDREN STILL SHRIEKING AND SCREAMING AND GASPING AT THE UTTERLY TERRIFYING ORDEAL OF A FIRST BREATH OF AIR UNFIT TO BREATHE; AIR DENSENED BY THE PANICKED CRAMPING INDUCED BY MOSS WRAPPING ITS BLANKET AROUND WHITE SKIN AS ROOTS DESCEND TO STRANGLE THE SCREAMING KIN. THEY SCREAM BUT THEIR SCREAMS DROWN IN THE GREAT SILENCE OF THE STILLBORN. WITH HEADS TOO HEAVY TO HANG OFF OF A NECK COILED BY VENOMOUS SNAKES - THREE SEASONS SPENT TURNING EYES TOWARDS THE SUN. CRAWLING ON THE HILLTOPS WITH BROKEN SPINES – BLOOD VOMIT; FECAL EYES; PSYCHOSOMATIC PARALYSIS . . . YOUR SCREAMS TURN INTO WHISPERS AND WHISPERS INTO MOLESTING, DISTURBING VIBRATIONS, DROWNING IN THE WET DREAM OF SOLACE AND HAPPINESS; THEY ARE CAUGHT IN A VORTEX; THE VIEW FROM A TOWER THAT FELL... AND AS THEY STARE INTO THE SUN, ALAS! THE MORE THEY STARE, THE MORE IT APPEARS TO BE AN ABSENCE! BUT HOW MANY TEARS WILL RUN AND HOW MANY CRIES WILL SHIVER, WHEN THEY FIND OUT THEY ARE LIVING ON A MERE PROMISE; WHEN THEY HAVE BEEN CHASED OUT IN THE STEPPES OF

GODSPEED ONLY TO FIND IT DARK, COLD AND BARREN? ...AND THEY WILL CRAWL, AND THEY WILL SEARCH AND THEY WILL HOLD THEIR CROSS, THEIR STAR, THEIR CRESCENT MOON... THE STILLBORN CLEANSE THEIR ASSHOLES FROM SPIRITUAL FAECES... AND THEY WILL PRAY, BUT THEY WILL FIND ONLY THAT WEAK FLOWER GROWING OUT OF IT, CALLED BLIND FAITH. THEY WILL SEE IT, AND THEY WILL FALL IN GENUFLEXION AFORE IT. THEY WILL ADMIRE ITS BEAUTY A MOMENT BEFORE IT TURNS TO ASH, DEVoured BY THE ELEMENTS THAT ONCE GAVE ITS LIFE. THE GOD THAT PAUL CREATED IS A NEGATION OF THE GOD EXPERIENCED.

MULL

*THIS INSTRUMENTAL AND IMPROVISED PIECE WAS THE PRODUCT OF HIGH DOSES OF **DWOREK** VODKA, **LYRICA** (PREGABALIN) AND HASHISH. MUCH INSPIRED BY FREE-FOLK COUNTRYSIDE PSYCHEDELIA LIKE **SILVESTER ANFANG II** AND ASSORTED SWEDISH AND KRAUT LUMINARIES LIKE **INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER** AND **ASH RA TEMPEL**, IT IS A LONG-WINDING AND ATMOSPHERIC AFFAIR. NOT A PERSONAL FAVORITE IN ITSELF BUT IT ACTS AS A MONUMENTAL BUILD-UP TO THE BEST SLUTET TRACK OF THE FIRST ERA, ON A RECORDING SHOWCASING A MUCH SLOWER, SLUGGISH AND BROODING SOUND IN CONTRAST TO THE PERHAPS MORE AGITATING AND AGGRESSIVE HARD ROCK PURSUITS OF THE FIRST TWO DEMO CASSETTES.*

O ZIEMIA!

*THIS IS THE BEST SLUTET TRACK OF THE FIRST ERA IN MY OPINION. AGAIN DRAWING A TITLE FROM THE 1988 FILM "**NA SREBRNYM GLOBIE**", THIS 22+ MINUTE MEANDERING SLOW-BUILDING FEVER DREAM WAS TO A SIGNIFICANT DEGREE IMPROVISED UPON RECORDING; ONLY A SCAFFOLDING, A FRAMEWORK, AN OVER-ARCHING STRUCTURE WE HAD FOR IT. THE LYRICS ARE LARGELY IMPROVISED UPON RECORDING AS WELL. THIS SONG, ESPECIALLY THE SECOND HALF, CONTAINS MY FAVORITE PERSONAL DRUM PERFORMANCE. ITS RIDICULOUSLY SLOPPY BUT INTENSE AND IT IS A DRUG-HEAVY RHYTHMIC OUT-OF-ONESELF-NESS (**EKSTASIS**).*

MATCH QUESTIONS – GASOLINE TRUTH

THE FIRST TRACK WE WROTE AFTER THE DEPARTURE OF OUR FORMER GUITARIST. WE STARTED REHEARSING THIS AS A DRUMS-BASS-VOCALS TRIO, BUT OUR PASSION FALTERED AND WE KNEW WE HAD TO FIND A GUITARIST PROPER FOR THE POSITION. AND WE DID. THEN, YET AGAIN IN ANOTHER REHEARSAL ROOM, WE STARTED COMPOSING WHAT WOULD BECOME THE "JIHAD" EP. THE MUSIC BECAME GENERALLY FASTER AS A NEW GUITARIST NATURALLY BRINGS A LOT TO THE TABLE, AND FINDING THAT OUR OWN NEW GUITARIST WAS A PARTICULARLY COLORFUL AND DRIVEN INDIVIDUAL, IT NATURALLY INFECTED THE MUSIC WITH A COMPLETELY NEW STRAIN OF VIRUS. ANOTHER CONTRIBUTING FACTOR WAS THAT I JUST LEARNED HOW TO PLAY DRUMS FAST (BACK THEN, COMPLETELY SELF-TAUGHT AND WITH THE STAMINA AND BODILY INTEGRITY OF WEAKLING, MY INADEQUACY STILL SHONE THROUGH, BUT I THINK IT TURNED OUT WELL).

THE VOCALS ARE FURTHER EXPERIMENTED WITH, UTILIZING MORE AND MORE A KIND OF CLEANER, WARMER STYLE WHILE STILL DELIVERING AGGRESSION AND HER SORROWFUL WAILING WHEN THE MUSIC SO ASKS FOR IT – SHE ALWAYS ANSWERS, AND THE RESPONSE IS ALWAYS SCATHING AND FIERY. SOMETIMES A CAMPFIRE, SOMETIMES AN ARSON, BUT ALWAYS FIERY. AND ON ANOTHER NOTE; THE LYRICS HAVE SHIFTED TOWARDS DESCRIBING MORE OF AN INTROSPECTIVE EXISTENTIALISM AND A SPIRITUAL STRUGGLE OF ACCEPTING GOD AND MEANING INTO ONE'S LIFE, RATHER THAN THE ANTI-SOCIAL DYSTOPIAN FLAME-THROWING OF THE DEMO CASSETTES. OF COURSE THIS DOES NOT NECESSARILY INDICATE ANY REGRESSION OF QUALITY IN MY VIEW SINCE I AM PERSONALLY FOND OF THE LYRICISM ON THE "JIHAD" EP. I FIND IT TO BE A GRACIOUS AND NATURAL PROGRESSION TO THE LYRICISM AND OVERALL MATURITY OF THE MATERIAL.

ALL OF OUR WONDERS, FORTIFIED STRONGHOLDS, STELES, AND PILLARS, AND TEMPLES OF THE EARTH; EVERYTHING WILL CRUMBLE; ALL EMPIRES FALL; EVERY GENE, EVERY CELL, EVERY SYNAPSE, EVERY LAST HELIX OF THE HUMAN DNA WILL SURELY BE CLEANSED WITH DEATH. KINGDOM AFTER KINGDOM AFTER KINGDOM PERISH; MARTYRS OF GLUTTONY, APOSTATE EMPERORS, USURPERS OF THE RUBY CROWN WILL QUIVER IN THE QUAGMIRE OF THE SLUDGY VAGINA OUT OF WHICH WE HAVE CRAWLED AS A FAMILY, WITH THE FILTH OF BIRTH AS OUR ONLY COMMON DENOMINATOR, BUT WITH EVERY FUCKING CHOICE WE MAKE AND EVERY FUCKING THOUGHT WE THINK AS THE DIFFERENTIATOR THAT RIPS OPEN AN ABYSS BETWEEN US THAT SEPARATES US; ISOLATES US IN THE COMPLETE SOLICITUDE AND LONELINESS OF EXISTENCE, THE HORROR, THE CURSE OF LIFE... THE MASSIVE CONSPIRACY AGAINST ALL THAT BREATHED AND WILL EVER BREATHE; SO, CHOOSE YOUR DEATH! FOR IT IS ALL THAT WE DO... CHOOSE YOUR DEATH, DESTROY YOURSELF; CAN YOU REALLY DO ANYTHING ELSE? NO EXCUSES, NO SOLACE, NO

FUCKING CIRCUMSTANCES JUST A HARROWING ANGST OF RESPONSIBILITY. HYPNOTIZED AD NAUSEAM BY THE PENDULUM OF DOUBT THAT OSCILLATES BETWEEN NOTHING AND SOMETHING WE ARE 'TIL DEATH, AND SUNBURNT TO CRISPS OF CANCER PROLIFERATING EXISTENTIAL MELANOMA UNDER THE RAVING NIHIL SUN. WE FEEL SICK; WEAK; SHIVERING, AND WE PERSPIRE COLD SWEAT; AND WE THROW UP FROM THE WHIFFS OF THE EFFLUVIA OF FEAR AND TREMBLING BELCHED FROM THE PHARYNX OF LIFE WE HAVE FELT INCREASING LIKE LYME DISEASE SINCE OUR INCEPTION NOW, MANY YEARS AGO; WE THROW OUR NETS FROM TOWED BOATS AND WATCH THEM SINK DEEP IN OCEANS OF QUESTIONS AND WE CARVE OURSELVES A TOTEM IN SITU OUT OF THE MEGALITH OF AN ABSURD EXISTENCE; HOWEVER, LIFE IS MERELY THE PARABLE OF TRUTH, AND MANY PLANKTON ESCAPE THE FISHERS' NET; MANY MESHES ARE SAWN ASUNDER BY THE FEROCIOUS TEETH OF VIPERFISH, AND TO THIS DAY, NO ONE KNOWS WHAT REALLY IS DOWN THERE, WE JUST KNOW THERE IS SOMETHING, DEEP, DEEP IN THE DEEP SEA GRAVES OF LIFE, LIFE, LIFE - THE HORRIBLE DISEASE, THE BITTER PROGNOSIS...WHAT THE FUCK WILL HAPPEN WHEN ALL SPIRITUAL ANTIBIOTICS FAIL AND THE SICKNESS WILL CARRESS OUR EMBARRASSED SHOULDERS IN TASTELESS MOCKERY? WELCOME IT, OR WALK FOREVER IN CIRCLES: THE COMPLETE DISSOLUTION OF THE HUMAN EMOTIONAL-INTELLECTUAL IMMUNE SYSTEM; REASON, LOGIC, LAWS - FUCK OFF – THE CUNT DEVOURS MERCILESSLY – SO, CHOOSE YOUR DEATH! FOR IT IS ALL THAT WE DO... CHOOSE YOUR DEATH, DESTROY YOURSELF; CAN YOU REALLY DO ANYTHING ELSE? NO EXCUSES, NO SOLACE, JUST THIS HARROWING ANGST...

GODDESS OF PARADOX (TIAMAT YAWNS AWAKE)

*NOTORIOUSLY IRRITATING TO RECORD AND FINALIZE, THIS SONG WAS (IS?) HELD IN NOT-SO-GREAT ESTEEM BY SOME OF THE MEMBERS, THOUGH I PERSONALLY FIND IT TO BE QUITE GOOD, WITH ITS LONG, JOURNEY-LIKE DEVELOPMENTS ACROSS DIFFERENT LANDSCAPES, INTENSITIES AND VISIONS. THE LYRICS IS PART ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF THE HARDSHIP, CONFUSION, AND WEIRDNESS OF THE HUMAN CONDITION, AND PART AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF HOW ONE CAN ESCAPE, MANAGE, CONTROL AND TRIUMPH IT – THROUGH THE **WORSHIP OF INANNA**. AS WITH THE EP'S FIRST SONG, THIS B-SIDE IS HEAVILY INSPIRED BY SUMERIAN MYTHOLOGY, OLD*

BIBLE TRANSLATIONS, KIERKEGAARDIAN EXISTENTIALISM AND MY OWN PERSONAL STRUGGLE WITH NIHILISM AND HOW IT RELATES TO GOD AND RELIGION BUT ALSO HOW IT RELATES TO ME AS A HUMAN OF FLESH AND BLOOD, AN ANTENNA OF ABSURD MYSTERIES, THE UNINTENDED RECEIVER OF ITS INEXPLICABLE PHENOMENA. ANOTHER ASPECT OF THIS SONG I REALLY ENJOY IS THE AMBIENT/SPOKEN WORD SECTION IN THE MIDDLE. OVERALL A COOL SONG; FAR FROM PERFECT – BUT THAT IS SLUTET FOR YOU.

GODDESS OF CONTRADICTION AND PARADOX ABSCONDS LIKE MUSTARD GAS OVER TRENCHES AND BARBED WIRE AND PLUCKS THE ROSES OF BEAUTY AND WAR; HER COCK SHONE WITH BLINDING RADIANCE THROUGH THE PRISM OF A HUNDRED RAVAGED VAGINAS; SHE LEASHED HER MEN IN COLLARS, SOLD HER WOMEN AS WHORES, STRANGLED THE CHILDREN IN ACTS OF LOVE AND BURIED THEM DEEP IN THE GRAVES OF TRADITION THEY HAD DUG FIERCLY WITH THEIR OWN HANDS... THEY WALKED IN CHAINS, IN LINES, PSYCHOTIC, BABBLING, LIKE MADMEN, LIKE LEPERS, OR LIKE AMPUTEES IN FIELD HOSPITALS AMIDST THE CHAOS OF WAR OR NOVICES OF ALCHEMY ENTRENCHED IN MUDPITS OF DEBT AND MISERY EAGER AS FUCK TO FIND A WAY OUT, AT LAST, OF THE MAZE THEY HAVE BRICK-BUILT AROUND THEMSELVES AND WHILE THE CHILDREN WEPT TEARS OF SEMEN, THE MEN SOUGHT PROSPERITY THROUGH MEANS OF SPELLCRAFT, THE WOMEN GAVE THEMSELVES AWAY, AND THE DOGS WERE EAGER TO MOUNT THEM; NOTHING BUT THE BITTER RECOLLECTION OF ABORTION - THE MOTHERLY DESPAIR OF HUGGING FAREWELL A MISCARRIAGE, WITHSTOOD THE EROSION OF MEMORY, AND SHE CARVED ITS MEMOIR DEEP ON THE STELES OF EXISTENTIAL DEMENTIA AND ABANDON THEY SUBSEQUENTLY ROSE ON THE GRAVES AND ON THE TOMBS OF THEIR BELOVED, REMEMBERED DEAD... SHE FINGERED THE HARPS WHOSE STRINGS SNAPPED AND BEGOT WORLDS WHICH MORPHED AROUND THE AXIS OF MADNESS AND SPIRITUAL INTIFADA; HER HANDS FINGERED THE CHAOS VULVA, ABYSS OF ENDLESS POSSIBILITES; SHE, THE BEARER OF IRON, WITHSTOOD IT ALL AND DECLARED WAR ON THE MORALITY OF MODERN SOCIETY AND AS IF THE OCEAN HAD A HEART AND AS IF THE SCALED MOTHER TREMOR AWAKE WE STREAM LIKE BLOOD FROM THE OFFING; BLACK, FOUL, YET, VIBRANT IN THE VEINS BLUE, THROBBING LIKE A PULSE OF DEATH TO HER NAME, GODDESS OF WEIRDNESS AND AMBIGUITY FROM THE BOTTOMLESS PIT WITH FLOOR OF GRANITH ABSCONDING TO THE SURFACE CLAW-TORN,

LIKE POISON GAS, ALEPPO, DAMASCUS; WE RISE, ALBEIT SLOW,
THROUGH SLOUGH, LIKE WAR ANTS MARCHING HOMEWARD
ETERNALLY. THROUGH THAT WEIRD, DISTURBING STATIC SOME
CALL LIFE, SOME CALL THE INESCAPABLE, TORTUROUS
CULPABILITY OF CONSCIOUSNESS WE FLOAT LIKE SPIRITS WHOSE
TEMPERS BEEN CHALLENGED BY OBNOXIOUS MEDIUMS, FAUX
SOOTHSAYERS, SO-CALLED "PSYCHICS" PUSHING THE BORDERS
TO SOMETHING THEY DO NOT AT ALL UNDERSTAND; WE INVITE
THESE PEOPLE TO SWIM IN THE SHARK-INFESTED WATERS THEY
FALSELY CALL TURF; AT THE BEHEST OF OUR OWN COMPASS
WE TREMBLE WITHIN OUR VERY ATOMIC STRUCTURE AND
SHARE THE STARLIT SLEEP, THE SATIN BED, WITH INANNA,
THE BEAUTIFUL, THE WARRING... **AND WE WAKE UP TO THE
SOUND AND THE SMELL OF HER, FINGERING HER
LUSCIOUS VULVA! SHE RAISES HER WET HAND TO THE
SEA, DRIPPING...**

**INANNA
YAWNS
AWAKE!!!**

LYRIC SHEET
ACCOMPANYING
“LOVE & BEAUTY”
BY
2LUT3T

originally released digitally by
The End Commune in 2020.
CD through **Behest** in 2020.
Cassette-tape through **Death Shadow Records**
(American edition)
and **Manifest of Hate Creations**
(European edition), both in 2020.
vinyl release through
Goatowarex, China, 2021.

CRAFTED 2017-2019.

CAPTURED LATE OCTOBER 2019
IN THE ALLEY OF THE BEAVER, UPPSALA,
SWEDEN.

MIXED AND PRODUCED 2019-2020 AT HOME.

"THE GLOOMY RIDE..."
DEDICATED TO TAHMIRIH,
WAR QUEEN OF THE MASSAGETAE.

ON THIS RECORDING, SLUTET CONSISTS OF:

DINGIR	<i>VOICE & WORDS</i>
RYTTERSON	<i>DRUMS</i>
MALKUS 9	<i>SIX STRINGS</i>
LIVRÄDD	<i>FOUR STRINGS</i>

**WITH GOD AND
VICTORIOUS
WEAPONS !!!!!!!**

THE LYRICS

THERE WAS SOMETHING THAT HAS ALWAYS BEEN
THERE IS SOMETHING THAT CANNOT BE
IT IS BEING BEING WHAT COULD BE
SUDDENLY, BEING BEING COULD NOT TELL THE BLACK FROM
BLACKNESS
NOR THAT THAT HAD HAPPENED
SOMETHING SNAPPED
AND
THERE WAS THE END

TO ALL THE BEINGS
WAS
GIVEN THE SENSE OF DREAMING
AND THUS
THE WORLD THAT WAS
WAS NOT JUST AS IT WAS
NOR AS IT WAS
BEFORE THIS WORLD WAS
THEREFORE TOOK WAS,
AS WAS
ITS FORMS;
BEFORE
ITS EMPTY SPACE
ANOTHER

THAT WHICH WAS WAS NOT
BENEATH THE INFINITESIMALLY THIN THREAD SHEET;
A TINGLING SOFT SHELL OF WHAT WAS WAS
LIVED DREAMERS DREAMING
THAT THEY NEVER DID SLEEP
NOR EVER LIVED
BUT MOMENTARILY

FROM THE FORMS
THE TWYNDYLLYNGS WERE BORN
ONE STILL, ONE PACING

AND SO
THE WORLDY BEINGS DREAMT
AND SO
BEGAN TO TAKE THEIR WORLD APART

THESE BEINGS BEING WORLDY
IF THEIR WORLD DREAMED OF THEM AS DREAMING
BUT GAIA SHEWED NOT TO BE HEAVY
NOR HARD
NOR SOLID
THROUGH A RIPPED SEAM SLIPPED THE ONE WITHOUT SLEEP;
THE EVER PACING TWIN SLID IN HER LEFT FEET
BY SINKING
SLITHERING AND SLINKING
ONTO
FLOOR OF SKY
TENSE LIKE MIRE
WITH MOSSYLIKE POOLS OF WET
AND LEFT
THE OTHER SIDE OF SLIT IN MIND
THE SLUMBERING DOUBLE WITH FOOTS OF RIGHT

IN A SPLIT SECOND SPLIT INTO TWO SPLIT SECONDS
THERE WAS THE ONE
AND THE SECOND ONE
COMING TO GREET HER
IN THICK SMOKING FOAM

IN LAUGHTER THEY ASKED HER

THIS WHO WHOM IS YOU, WHAT IS THIS-THAT-YOU-DO?

WANTING TO HEAR ON BEHALF OF THE DREAM
WHY SHE HAD SQUIGGLED IN THROUGH THE SEAM.

NOBODY ANSWERED BECAUSE THERE WAS NOBODY ELSE THERE

A VOICE FAMILIAR YET FOREIGN
FLOWED RUSHING THROUGH
AND WHEN IT WAS OVER SHE DID WHAT TO DO *
SHE SPOKE FORTH ANOTHER TO DWELL IN TIME
TO SET INTO ACTION THE SWITCH FOR THE LIGHT *

SO FROM SHADOWS CAME FEATURES GLOWING COUNTOURS OF
CREATURES AND FORMS *

AND SHE ROAMED, ALONE A SECOND ONE!
IN THIS REALM,
ANOTHER,
THE OTHER

SNARED IT IN VEINS
A WOUND UNFOLDED AND SPREAD OUT A SKIN
BOUND IT WITH OUTSIDES
TO MAKE A WITHIN.
AN INKLING OF SOMETHING
ON THE TIP OF HER TONGUE
WAS THE REMAINDER OF MEMORY
OF THE TWIN SHE'D COME FROM.

A HORRID THUNDER TOOK HER AWAY;
INTO A STORM SHE JOLTED AWAKE,
AND WHEN
SHE
SPOKE
IT SAID

ALL BREAD IS GONE AND HUMANS LONG
FOR PREDATORS AND PRAY
AND CRITTERS COME LICKING CRUMBS
AND RIVERS RUN AWAY
FROM RABID TONGUES TO BURNING SUNS
STEAMING THOSE WHO STAY
THE SLITHERSOME; LOOP-HOLE ONE
HERSELF DOES NOT BETRAY
CREATORS WHOM
THUS BARGAINED LOVE
CREATION MUST REPAY
AND PREDATORS
I PRAEY
WILL CLOSE THE MOUTH THAT GAPES
HEARTS ARENT FILLED WITH HATE
FOR HEARTS ARE FULL OF BLOOD
LIFE BLACK AND WHITE AND GREY
THIS BLOOD IT ALWAYS STAINS
THE WARMEST SKIN WITH SHADES

HER SKINS BURSTING TWITCHES PULLING
FAR OUT TO EMPTY AIR;
THE TEMPER OF THE WIND;
THE THRASHING INSIDE SKIN;
THE TWISTER OF A TWIN

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING
WAS HIT BY A PULSE
OF BLUE STORM

AND THE FLASH WHIPLASHED
AND WHIRLED A WIND OF STONES

SITTING UPON THE SHARD OF ROCK
AMIDST A SEA OF MIRE-Y
SOME HER MAYBE IT'S ME
A BLATANT MYSTERY
SHE SEES,
SEIZING EPILEPSIEGE
SHE'S LOST AND FOUND THE REVELRY

SOMETHING OTHER SWEEPS OVER THE WATERS

HURRICANE DINGIR THROWS
SHARP ENTANGLED GESCHWIND BLOWS
FROM THE BOTTOM OF HER LUNGS
AND DRAWS UP TO HER FROM OCEAN FLOOR
THOSE WHO BOIL BENEATHE THE WATERS
AND SPEAK OF THOSE WHO LIVE ON SULFUR
AND ALL DEFORMITY SPILLS OVER

THE WATER LACE ICE
SWEET WATER FORMED AS
SHORT BUT SHARP MIRRORKNIVES

HARSH WINDS WITH BITING CREATURES OF COLD SO
MINISCULE AND OLD

WHY DON'T THEY SHATTER THE MOUNTAINS AS THEY BLOW?
WHY DON'T THEY PEEL MY FLESH TO THE CORE
AND ABSORB
ITS BEING MISSING?

THE WEIRDOS CREEPS AND FREAKS
THE CREEPING THINGS THAT CREEP
YOU FREAK!
YOU GOTTA FREAK
SHRIEKING AND BURST
I CANNOT CONTAIN MYSELF!
STITCHES PULLED!
FUCK ME WORLD!
HERES A FLOOD!
OF WET DREAMS
ALL PRUNED UP AND STICKY

THE INSTINCT TO CRY
WARM SALTY AND MOISTER THAN MOIST SHOULD BE

THE SIGHT OF FORM WAS BLURRIED
THE WOMAN ON THE ROCK,
SEED INTO MIRROR IN MIST
AND CAUSED FOR HER THE GIRL A GLITCH
AND SHRUNK AND CRAWLED INTO HER EYEBALL
THROUGH A TUNNEL LOCKED IN VISIONS
HAD IN SHARD OF MIRROR

I SAW THE EYES OF ANOTHER
LOOKING OUT FROM MY OWN SQUAR-ED IRIS
A WINDOW IN HER EYES
ONCE UPON A TIME SHE STARED
BACK AT HER I THUS GLARED
AND TANGLED WAS OUR HAIR
HERS BLACK AND MINE THE FAIR.

A WORLD THAT DOES NOT WILL
IT WILL
A WORLD THAT DOES NOT WILL
IT WILL
SPEAKING OF WILL
WHAT'S BEEN HANDED TO ME?
WHAT WAS MEANT IN ANCESTRY?

TWO EYES
TO SEE
TWO HANDS
TO BLEED
TWO BREASTS
TO FEED
TWO FEET
TO CREEP
TWO EARS
TO HEED
WE'VE FOUND IT
IT'S LOST!
AND IT'S DEBT AMOUNTS TO MY COST.

ONCE YOUR EYES TWICE WITH BEAMS ANGLED FOR BEING
UPSIDE DOWN AND HEAVING
SEIZED BY THE BACKFIRE THE MIRROR TRANSPIRED RETURNED TO
ME THROUGH THE RIP IN THE SEAMS
AIM AT AN ANGLE TO LEAVE ORBIT

GIRL!
WHAT YOU HEAR IS THUNDER
IT'S SEX!
WITH OUT A NAME
NOT TO NEGATE
A NOTHING TO WHICH YOUR OWN YOU DONATE
YOU'VE HEXED A HEX
YOU DESIST WHAT IS WISHED

WITH DREAM-WRITING-PEN LET'S BEGIN AGAIN AND WRITE IT ALL TO
ITS ENDS:

WHAT YOU KNOW
YOU CANNOT NOT KNOW
YOU KNOW
YOU KNOW
YOU KNOW
BUT WHAT IS IT THAT YOU KNOW?
THAT I CANNOT KNOW THAT I DON'T

A SURGE
THEN SPARKS
LIGHTNING IN THE DARK
AND THEN IT WAS GONE
AND I'M AGAIN ALONE
WILLING MYSELF TO BE
WILLING MYSELF TO BE AIMING

OH WHATEVER-BLATANTLY-MYSTERY
YOU REVEAL MYSELF TO THEE
COME ON DEAR
CATCH ME
I'M HERE WHEN YOU ARE AS YOU WILL BE
I AM THE SEA
AS LONG AS YOU'RE STANDING YOU'VE CAUGHT ME
BUT COME OON COME ON
CLOSER COME AND GET ME

HORRIFYING BLATANTLY MYSTERY
PHENOMENAL NUMENE IRONY
WITH MERCURY
SYZGY

IM HERE WHEN YOU ARE AS YOU WILL BE!

I LAY IN BED AND CLOSE MY EYES
BUT I DO NOT FALL ASLEEP
I JUST BEGIN TO DREAM
EVERY NOW AND THEN I FIND
MANY HOURS LAYING TIME FROM
MY MEMORY MISSING

RECKONING A MOMENT
WHEN I'LL ENVISION SLEEP
I WILL OFTEN WONDER
WHAT I WOULD WONDER ABOUT
IF I COULD WILL TO WONDER
WHAT I WOULDN'T BELIEVE

I SOMETIMES BEGIN TO BELIEVE THAT I DON'T LEST I AM FREE
JUST TO SEE IF I'M FREE TO FREE MY WILL FROM ME
I MADLY AGREE THAT BELIEF IS MAD AND I DISAGREE
I BELIEVE I AM FREE TO WILL MADLY
THAT THAT IS AUTONOMY

I WILL ROLL AROUND AND WONDER
IF I AM FREE IF I AM FREE
OR WILL I BE FREE TO FREE ME FROM ME?

THERE IS SOMETHING BEING FREE THAT IS WILLING TO BE ME
I BELIEVE ITS BEING FREE
IS WILLING ME TO BE
BELIEVING BEING ME
IS BEING BUT BELIEF
FOR FREEDOM TO BELIEVE

THE URGING NEED TO URGENTLY NEED WHAT THERE IS TO
UNDERSTAND
IN UNDERSTANDING THE STATING OF SUCH A THING
THIS HAS MANY SECRET NAMES
NONE WHO CALL ARE ANSWERED
FOR NOTHING IS ASKING FOR SOMETHING
FROM SOMETHING WHO ASKS FOR NOTHING

I
DONT
EVEN
KNOW
WHAT
TO
SAY

THERE WILL NOT BE A WILL TO WANT WHAT WILL WILL BE
FOR WILL WILL BE FREE
TO BE A LOCKLESS KEY
LEST LOCKLESS KEYS AREN'T KEYS
AND FREE WILL ISN'T FREE

NOR CAN YOU CAPTURE
THE FREE IN CAPTIVITY
THE FREE ARE FREE TO PICK THE LOCK AND THINK IT'S WITHOUT KEY

I WILL LAY AGAIN TO REST
AND RECKON ALL THE REST
I WILL MADLY COME TO PEACE
IN FINDING THAT I SEEK
AND KNOW I'VE BEGUN TO BELIEVE
THAT I BEGAT MYSELF TO BE
LORD
I BESHAT MYSELF TO BE SHE
WHO MUST NOW MISPLACE THE KEY FOR LOCKLESS KEYS
AND LOCK IT UP WITH KEYLESS LOCKS
AND FORGET MYSELF INSIDE
LEST FREE WAS NEVER I

IN THE BEGINNING
THERE WAS THE END
AND THE END WROTE
'LET THERE BE CONTRADICTION.'
AND THE WORLD WAS THE WORD
AND THE WORD WAS WORLD

THE STORY IT WROTE HAD NEITHER HAPPY NOR SAD ENDINGS
FOR IT HAD NO ENDINGS AT ALL
THE STORY HAS JUST BEGUN

I AM INCLINED TO WRITE NOTHING AT ALL
THUS THIS IS WHAT I'VE DONE
AGAIN!
NOTHING AT ALL
NOTHING AT ALL
NOTHING AT ALL

I LAY IN BED AND CLOSE MY EYES
BUT I DO NOT FALL ASLEEP
I JUST BEGIN TO DREAM

WHAT IS THIS
AND WHERE IS ONCE?
ONCE UPON A TIME
OR PERHAPS BELOW
IT BEGINS

WHAT IS IT?

THE END.



INSERT ACCOMPANYING
“POLSKI OPÓR ŻELAZA”

BY

LOVEBOYZ

originally released by
The End Commune in 2018.

cassette (with this insert)
via **Death Shadow Records**
(USA, 2019).

This is an insert accompanying the physical cassette-tape release of "*Polski Opór Żelaza (1939-1963)*" by **Loveboy**, released by American underground label **Death Shadow Records** in 2019.

It is written by Ryttersson on a very hot June afternoon from a hostel in Wola district, Warszawa, Poland, 2019, during a pilgrimage. I purposely located certain streets in Wola and found a hostel there, because of what happened exactly on those streets and in those blocks and neighborhoods that late summer of 1944...

P o l s k a W a l c z ą c a . . .

Between January 1941 and the Warsaw Uprising in 1944, the Polish underground stopped one in eight Wehrmacht transports from reaching the eastern front. In 1944, the Armia Krajowa was estimated to house upwards of 400,000 to 600,000 members, which made it Europe's foremost underground military resistance organization in terms of numbers. The Armia Krawoja (Home Army), through their government-in-exile-sanctioned *Żegota* network, saved more Polish Jews from the Holocaust than any other allied organization (the governments of France, Great Britain and the United States included; they did not do shit). Amongst many operations of assassination, sabotage, and outright military engagement with both the SS and German army (prominent examples include the Operacja Głównki – assassination raids on SS top officials – and the Akcja Burza and Zamość military uprisings), arguably the most famous of these operations was what came to be the largest event of resistance in all of occupied Europe: on August 1, 1944, at 17:00 hours, the Warsaw Uprising commenced. This fight for integrity and self-determination was fueled by the bitterest fires of anti-Nazi and anti-Soviet resentments, and it was a doomed fight, yet it was fought. 10 men would pay the price of hanging for the ripping down of a Swastika flag in the Polish capital and Varsovians often woke up with fresh corpses hanging from the light-posts along their streets. Children, women, men, elderly folks laid executed in gutters, tremendous atrocities were perpetrated (Wola comes to mind here) –Warsaw was officially out of wooden coffins already after the first months of German occupation. People were burned alive, whipped and beaten to torturous deaths, labored to collapse.... but they continued digging their trenches, building their barricades... especially in the latter days, mass rapes were perpetrated by the penal battalions of the SS; children starved en masse and cannibalism has been spoken about. Matricide, patricide, all human decadence, theft, murder for food – it all became common; children carried hand-guns and were couriers for the Underground – and they

were executed on the very same grounds as their parents! No mercy! Yet the White Eagle did not bow its head. Because the White Eagle never bows – it only waits for a time to fly again. Polska Walcząca. For every resistance member indentified, whole families were exterminated. Yet – the underground persisted its courageous and insane fight for survival. What must be remembered is that the Armia Krajowa and its tributary and auxiliary allies were to a large part only anti-Nazi but they were also staunchly anti-Soviet. For this reason, the fight for freedom persisted after the war had ended – by nationalist heroes, their blood and iron shining in the sun of what was true to them! These *Żołnierze wyklęci* I salute with open hearts, knowing full well the controversial depth in doing this, and it is Józef Franczak that I reference in the title of this release: it is only in 1963 that this final accursed resistance fighter was apprehended and neutralized by Soviet cunts. It needs saying that I am a mysterious spiritual specimen, and I am lost at all times, but I am indeed passionate and I think it is in a proper moral spirit for me to salute all of this. I salute not only the heroism of it (for I am not only a hero-worshipper), and I wish not to paint this desperate battle for survival with any romantic, exotic, or trivial colors – for it was indeed a vicious, suffersome and diabolical struggle, and it was ruthless, brutal, cold and depraved in ways neither I nor any of you who will read this can ever understand. What happened in Poland (but absolutely not exclusively in Poland) during those cursed years in general – and during those 63 days of rebellion in particular – is literally beyond our comprehension, I think. We can not cross the phenomenological barrier of suffering here; suffering like this must be truly felt in order to be truly understood, and I claim no insight in the trepidations, angsts and torments of the combatants and of the civilian victims of this apocalyptic terror – 90% of Warsaw was razed to the ground by the Nazi regime – but I claim empathy with them, I salute the remembrance of them, and I hold them as heroes and martyrs of the Divine Struggle! Therefore, again, I wish not to paint my homage with a brush of shallow and lazily appropriating glorification of some past event, but I pay my dues to the very human realities of it: I try to establish a connection with the ones who waded through the sewers and lived months and months down there in the excremental sludge of a nation on its knees but still spitting upward... I pay my dues to the girls and boys losing their mothers to traumatic rape and their fathers to the grinding death of the frontlines, but yet persisting in the cultivation of the unbreakable spirit of resilience! Heroic self-defense! and I pay my dues to the young men storming the enemy with not even a rifle in their courageous but trembling hands! Long live the Peasant Battalion! Love live the Sophie Battalion! And long live Henryk Dobrzański! And Anna Smoleńska ... I hope you have found peace: the Kotwica is burning in my flesh – it remembers you forever. I have a mysterious connection to this which I can not rationally or logically explain. The spirit of

the Polish resistance has carved into my heart a nest, and it is doubtful if it ever will leave this abode within me. Yes, I offer my spiritual sacrifice to understanding the theology of these benighted chapters of European history, but I do not wish to romanticize the grotesque terror of it – I shall refrain from digging too much into grisly and destitute detail: much has been written about these things and it is of utmost importance to ruminate them, but it is not my mission today nor tomorrow – for in the long run, courage and the sword weighs heavier than every malevolence, evil and tyranny.

To the White Eagle !
The Wavel-Dragon !
Eternal Watcher
of the Wisła !

In revering memory
of Witold Pilecki
and in the spirit
of Józef Piłsudski,
Long live Warszawa –
City of the Immortal Mermaid.

"Choć nikt nas nie zmuszał,
zbudowaliśmy barykadę pod
ostrzałem."

**THE COMPLETE
LYRICS OF**

**SOUTHERN
SPRUCE**

2021-2022

IN THE SUMMER OF LOVE

Experienced 2012.
Recorded 2022.
Released 2023.

“KOBENHAVN-AMSTERDAM”

we packed all our bags and put on our rags,
we smoked a last fag and we didnt look back
we met up again at the station at home
and bordered our train to coastlands unknown...

five naive kids took a train down the south
through Sweden, the asshole, to Europe, the mouth
get out now of Sweden get out now of life
dance downward Europe on the edge of a knife!

a train down the south to Skåne - im out!
now Denmark to Europe we go down the route
an Amsterdam night, so high and so cold
we slept in the station, "get out" we were told

we cruised down the railtracks all badass and cool
but travelled like idiots, like morons, like fools
young dumb n tired we slept in some bush,
with the pills and the powders and all of the Kush!

Amsterdam , Berlin and Prague

beer and weed
and 3,4-Methylenedioxymethamphetamine

Amsterdam, Berlin and Prague

Görlitzer park, Christiania and red neon lights...

God bless these kids, for they shall need help
the sickness of passion is the worst i have felt!
that urge to go travel and but the love to return
these swedish tourists young and dumb
for home they will yearn...

“BERLIN-PRAHA”

yeha noha, hare krishna!!!

say, what do you say, about going there?
Görlitzer park is everywhere
we buy our drugs and go downstairs
to Fire Bars junkie lair

Why does that girl stare?
Is she hurt everywhere?
lets all get too high
we dont have to react now

yeha noha, hare krishna
oh praha, oh berlin
you have so much filth within
oh capsules of love
yeha noha, hare krishna
but we were there, saw the light
four young kids with futures bright
oh heaven above

say, what do you say, about leaving this place?
trash it, then we're on our way
just a stop by the park
bring with us the chemical spark

oh sweet capsules of love
fire, created tonight
in Praha, a juvenile rite
God, i've paid my right

to be here with you
my dearest friends
'fore we are off on our way home again

Even tho' hard we tried
Couldn't get that feeling to stay
Lost it when we lost our way
Fuck it, plan for rails again

yeha noha, hare krishna
Oh Praha, Oh Berlin
You have so much filth within
oh summer of love

yeha noha, hare krishna
But we were there, saw the light
four young kids with futures' bright

oh summer of love!!!

MAKE PERSIA GREAT AGAIN

Experienced 2018.
Recorded 2020.
Released 2021.

"MAKE PERSIA GREAT AGAIN"

Crescent moon in the rearview mirror
Faravahar in the glove compartment

Backboud hands
of Zarathustras children
shake secret handshakes
in the measurements of a greater future

There's a crescent moon waiting to get splattered
by the rising sun of Persia's shattered
Who mattered before shall be shipped of shore
Bring the Shah to be thawed
This is the mission of making Persia great again!

Here comes the moral police again,
watching our sins through their fingers
There goes the moral police again
the veil fails and falls off
Teenage girls shows the world a lock of hair

We thrust our hearts in disdain
"This world is foul and profane"
We who still kept sane
will poke a big hole in your spurious brain...
Make Persia great again...

"THE THIEF OF ESFAHAN"

Esfahan, the heart of iran
she called us there and we adhered
102sfahan, the heart of iran
we called a cab, whatever they had

our taxi drivers name was Azar and he was great
he took us to the fire temple of the persian faith
he told us 'bout his land as we stood there on the mound
his zoroastrian heart shone many m"les 'round, yeah!

102sfahan, the heart of iran
she called us there and we adhered
Naqsh-e Jahan, the heart of Esfahan
we spent our nights in the city lights!

later on that night when we were to depart
he gave us all a hug and opened up his heart
for all that he had done, he refused our precious pay
it was a thing of beauty, we'd been) shown the Persian way!

102sfahan!
the night there welcomes you
102sfahan!
we met some street kidz too
and on the street,
hashish they shared with us
and then they pulled
a scam and stole our

...phone!!!!!!!!!!

Mohammad was his name and he acted all so nice
until he saw his chance to pull some nasty lies
i ran him through the station – and he into the night
but maybe that was good cus i dont know how to fight!

it was a bullshit thing and we cur”e hi’ fucking ass
‘cause in that sacred phone we had all our photographs;
those photos with the soldiers sharing us their food...
but, it was just a phone, and adventure was still good, yeah!

mohammad
mohammad

mohammad
mohammad

the thief of esfahan

you can still fuck off for what you did,
it was an asshole move,
but thank you for such a great memory
thank you for offering me to smoke persian hashish
even though you turned out to be the thief of 103sfahan

God bless you

TRAIN TO ISTANBUL

Experienced 2016.

Recorded 2021.

Released 2022.

”I LOVE EUROPE”

once again we stand
on these concrete platforms
uppsala train station
bids farewell once again

we returned to denmark
to christiania
we had a smoke there
and carried on our way

i love europe!

as an arrow
through the heart of mother europe
we followed the tracks of the rail
and we will never forget it

we're on a train to istanbul!!!

from our nordic forests
to the heart of central europe
following the flow of the Danube
to the sun-drenched lands of Thrace

i love europe
i love europe

and i get to see it again!

this is where i live
and this is where i shall die

“COCAINE (A BUDAPEST ADVENTURE)”

we dodge the border guards
with all bags full of pills
our bodies fully fueled
we rush in fully thrilled

two blocks or one street in
that o' familiar face
the friend in every town
to give us some cocaine

we run the whole grid down
like some laboratory rats
in daytime: beautiful

but all transmutable

find shelter in a bar
most Gaspar Noeian by far
cokeheads are running low
find night, find drugs, find whore

Budapest cocaine now (x4)

paperless canadian girl
takes a Slutet shirt and turn
my friend leaves 'cause he yearns
his own mysterious ways

our bodies fully fueled
cocaine in orbit all the day
budapest nights are mad
you'll wake up to something bad

Budapest psychopath
Budapest cocaine had
Budapest cocaine now
Budapest cocaine now

hostel, where are you now?
we'll finish something you started now
you took me here, let it all be clear
that I'm not to be let down this time by my fear!

Budapest cocaine now
Budapest cocaine now
Budapest night I had
Budapest makes me mad

Budapest cocaine now
Budapest cocaine, cocaine now...

“THE ESCAPE FROM ERSZEBET HOSPITAL”

our dear friend crashed onto the streets
too much drugs, crazy day
someone called an ambulance
took him to the hospital
he did not understand

where he was, where he was
they belted him onto the bed
he couldn't fucking understand!

where the fuck is our friend?
"erszebet hospital"
where the fuck is our friend?
"erszebet hospital"

we got scared when we awoke
our dear friend's gone, where is he?
we look every-everywhere
so we went to the police
they helped us find our friend
belted down in some psycho ward
the cop there shrugged, sighed and yawned
"now fuck off, tourist trash..."

where the fuck is our friend?
"erszebet hospital"
where the fuck is our friend?
"erszebet hospital"

finally we got a hold
of our friend, our dear friend
and we had a train we had to catch
to bucharest, to bucharest

it turned out our dearest friend
had a crazy, crazy day
and after that, a crazy night
ending in the psycho ward

when you're young, when you're high
theres no thing you can't do!
he had some fight in the club
and fled the scene, to the streets!

where the fuck is our friend?
"erszebet hospital"
where the fuck is our friend?
"erszebet hospital"
he overdosed, seized there
"budapest nights are mad!"

they belted him, he panicked there!
"that Budapest night was bad!"

“BULGARIAN STREET DOGS...”

three stupid kids found a friend in the streets
a rabid dog, we served processed meat
travelling started to tore on all four
we strayed off on our own
I walked some street til' I got bored

stupid kids in the capital of wisdom
fed a foul rabid dog, made the locals there all pissed off
immortal tourists:
o fuck yourselves, go piss off
gonna be wise all o'er your streets,
take your bed bugs home as trade off

Sofia, where the wisdown prevails me
i dont know, how could I?
Sofia, where the wisdom deludes me
ah, fucking, rip me
(oh go on whip me)

stupid kids found a friend in the streets
a rabid pusher with processed weed
with a shared dream of drama
we'd follow him like three drooling dogs

come alcohol and pills,
come pussy, come thrills
come sweet high, come hearts delight

Sofia, where the wisdown prevails me
i dont know, how could I?
Sofia, where the wisdom deludes me
ah, fucking, rip me
(oh go on whip me)

we took the last train to bashed fame
in a filthy apartment, cum stain and groan
ugly men, and what a thing to share with a friend
sun's coming up, processed weed in a lot

passing out in a roundabout,
commuters laughing stock
immortal tourists, that is us!

"I saw
in visions
bed bugs
everywhere..."

"I saw
in dreams,
hallucinations -
or were they real!?"

"I saw
in visions
bed bugs -
or were they real?"

"I saw
in visions
bed bugs -
or where they real?"

"I saw
in visions
bed bugs -
or were they real???"

“TRAIN TO ISTANBUL”

after another... eh.. intense night, this time in Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, where we had aquired, quote-unquote "weed" from some random street thugs, which turned out not to be weed but some strongly psychedelic, potentially deliriant and/or dissociative research chemical, we fell asleep on the train headed towards the huge, sprawling metropolis of Istanbul - which would be our last stop.

after a long and tedious routine at the border crossing in the middle of the night, we were finally in turkey. i took a lyrica pill. i had access to drugs because i had smuggled them into turkey by hiding them up my ass.

we finally pierced across the mighty Thracian landscape in the Constantinopolitan sunrise by train. we arrived in the early morning hours. this was a mere

few days after the 2016 turkish so-called "coup"; there was a military presence in some places. meditations overcame me. i had made the journey of my life. Uppsala - Istanbul by train. Finally. Noble, great Constantinople, later called Istanbul by the Turk invader.

What a sight! what an adventure...with my two best friends i stood with Europe in my back and mighty Anatolia in front of me. what a dream it was. the sunrise over Eastern thrace that morning surely blessed all three of us, and i really believe it did so for life. later, events of a less fortunate nature would unfold, as had happened earlier in our journey as well, defining the whole ordeal with a strong sense of adventure. It is hard to forget those days and nights of adventurous youth, drugs and general unhinged madness.

Questions arose as the trip went on: what happened to the Canadian girl we met on Munich train station? Why did she end up travelling with us to Budapest, only to disappear as mysteriously as she showed up? Why did the Hungarian border control search our bags, find all our drugs, but not confiscate them? They had guns, we were severely intoxicated... And speaking of Hungary, what happened to the guy I saw getting ruthlessly beaten on that Budapest street late at night? Was there really a coup in Turkey just before we arrived, or was it just a propaganda-machine false flag operation perpetrated by the regime of Donkey-fucker Shitface president Erdogan?

And by the way, why did Mafia Mustafa behave so fucking erratically and strangely? Were all his stories true? Even a single one of them? Was he really raped by his girlfriends mom? Was he really a career criminal in Nebraska back in the day, earning his moniker, "Mafia Mustafa" in his notorious criminal exploits over there? I think not.

Was he really, quote-unquote, "100% sober"? Dude was probably more coked up than we were in Budapest, and that says a lot! Not even our naive, gullible swedish asses fell for those stories.

but I must say – If you ever find yourself in Istanbul, you need to stay at Best Island Hostel. And if Mafia Mustafa is still running that fucking place, you'll never forget Istanbul, thats for fucking sure.

and we will never forget our epic journey by train and we will certainly never forget our days in Istanbul...

WEIRD MOONS OVER UPSALA

Experienced 2010 through 2016.

Recorded 2022.

Released 2023.

“KNIVES & PILLS”

where is my knife? i've looked everywhere!
this is the night! this is my night, yeah...
radical psychology - adolescence took an awry turn!
death obsession, carving wounds - tonight i'll eat myself!

zopiclone! zolpidem!
i cut my flesh! a lot of blood...
zopiclone! zolpidem! i take my knife
and thrust it through my fuckin' leg, yeah!

I cut and i tear and i slice and i pick
and i play with my knife in my wounds...

in my wounds!!!

crazy bizarre mind, solitary nights
autocannibalistic experimental rites
i can not explain it,
i can not put it into words
but God sure knows it was all real
and he sure knows i've done worse...

I cut and i tear and i slice and i pick
and i play with my knife in my wounds
i cut a piece from my flesh with my knife
and i put it in my mouth then i eat it, i swallow...
i eat a piece of my own flesh !

“THE PIGBLOOD INCIDENT”

Come warriors, mark your sign!
Sickly shall the pigblood shine,
over your heads where you usually blind
enter the shrine where you do your time

you have reaised a school shooter tribe
coming back to inscribe
our angst upon your hall
where we planned our graduation prom

With our brushes from the store
we carried out our warriors chore
if this left you all unsure,
reste assure we'll be back for more

On our way back from the chores
we found ourselves outside Jehowas door
little did we know that a Wittness there
saw pig blood and to police he shared

with bloody brushes in our hands
at our feet a police car lands
we delievered ourselves on a plate
a too sacred site to desecrate!

hoist that pigblood
knock that high horse
hoist that pigblood
bring them down on their feet

bring them to their knees!

hoist that pigblood boy
shock those filthy hoi polloi

spread the message everywhere,
the end is near, slutet is here
soon our home is long way gone

slutet, slutet, slutet was here
all onboard our pigblood smear

spread the message everywhere,

the end is near, slutet is here
fuck Jehowas Witnesses, my dear

slutet, slutet, slutet was here
all onboard our pigblood smear
Innocence is gone as we get home!

“SLEEP AID REVELATIONS”

in the united states and other markets,
they call it "sleep aid", an over-the-counter medication
for short term insomnia treatment.
the psychoactive compound active in this sleep aid medication
is called diphenhydramine. however, if you take
a really large dose of it, and manage to stay awake
for as long as possible, it is likely you will visit a place
you will not at all enjoy. It feels almost like Silent Hill,
in my opinion. That is the closest reference i can make.
and on the mean streets of Uppsala town,
we call it Djävulssyra; "The Devil's LSD".

diphenhydramine!
dark and evil visions
from an eerie world
trapped on strange loops

spiders crawl around
covering the walls
i saw a ghost dog once-
and i could barely move!

a bleak and gloomy realm
of endless awkward night
the zombified state
terrorizes you into sleep

i heard the wicked voice
of my mom's impostor
trying all she could
to lure me from my room

i heard the voice of my dad
but twisted and distorted
calling me from slumber
but i could barely move

i crawled out of my bed
i saw him in the hall
his mouth struck open wide as hell
and evil came thereout!

sleep aid revelations! (x6)

"SUMMOR MORNING EXHIBITION"

A day that starts as a dream
well, all and all in between
a slasher movie: extreme
and American Graffiti

zopiklon. lyrica. we'd
do alcohol. tramadol. weed.
digested on our bikes to the beach
oblivion is within our reach

naked on the beach
we swim in the sea

Persona non grata are we
the ones whos stuck in between
now we shove our dicks in your summer scene
oh you will take it
we need to blow off some steam

how imbued with dream
how imbued it seemed
bathed in sunlight and sin

we fell asleep on the beach
naked, oh how it seemed
like a dream,
when the police woke us up
...what!? are you talking to me?
oh what a beautiful day
for a family to get away

oh honey is that a charade?
or am I seeing a dick,
holding on to a bottle of decay?
oh honey hide the kids, cloud their eyes!

ooooooh cloud their eyes!
summer morning sun, dazzle my eyes

police will do
what they are called upon
to cage the brutes

naked animals belong in zoos

dont go near
what are they doing to me?
do not fear

drug fueled friends
when summer ends
will do what they do best and disappear!!!

“ROTTEN CADAVERS OF UPPLANDIC FORESTS”

on the hunt for rotten carcass
a mind obsessed with death...
i collect artefacts
the skulls of beasts
and slimy bones, yeah!

rotten cadavers of upplandic forests (x4)

in my room i have my stash
of crania and body parts
roadkill jackpot - reindeer's spine
smell the marrow....
boil away the rotten flesh!

i dissect the little tummy
of a dead squirrel i found
and i remove the intestines

rotten cadavers of upplandic forests (x4)
i dry the hedge hog skins in salt

i rip the head off of the crow,
its body had frozen solid into the ice

i carve the face off of the rotting head of a cow
in ecstatic acts of pure savagery and devil worship....

i sleep with skulls and bones in my bed
and meditate into my morbid zopiclone coma...

“LYRICA ANIMALS!”

Put it in your ass or snort it to your brain
mix it with vodka; its all the same
Lyrica 'll make you play the game
have that self hatred tamed

one for success, and one for fame
baby, are we really playing the game?
one for me, and one for the dame
tell me again how you thought I was brave!

me, son, me go me!
how i've never felt this free
why did i never see
how great I am when I let me be

one for you and one for my friend
two for me so that'll never end
red and white is the ascent
Pfizer is from heaven sent!

Red and white, eucharist
Body of christ is yours to dine
Fine with wine, is the lamb
250 milligram

Red and white, eucharist
Body of christ is thine to dine
Fine with wine, is the lamb
250 milligrams

pry your mind
in the shrine
my cognition in decline

find your way
through the game
have that self-hatred tamed

“A LATE NOVEMBER NIGHT”

late night, cold night, autumn frost
pub night, booze night, pills and smoke
late night, cold night, autumn bore
pub night, booze night, overdose

a late night in november
we'll always remember

celebrate a birthday child,
ingrid's day, drink away!
youth and pills, pills and drinks,
kill the bore, kill the bore!

shadows dark cast upon
bellman street 36
sleeping pills, alcohol
more and more, kill the bore...

a late night in november
we'll always remember
a late night in november
we'll always remember!!!

deliriant toxins ingested in drug abuse ritual
on her 18th birthday. convulsing bodies,
digusting hallucinations. blood and spit runs
from an open mouth. shaking flesh, clutching hands
white eyes, delirium, delirium, delirium, delirium!

Axel dances with faeries in visions
and Olof is lost in his own
diphenhydramine world

diphenhydramine!
pregabalin! and alcohol!
is a Devil's cocktail!

ambulance and police
emergency room!

diphenhydramine!
pregabalin!
and alcohol
is a Devil's cocktail!!!

ambulance and police...

fucking hell!!! november!

(outro) i fled into a darker reality of things.
i spasmed and i seized and i bit my tongue until it bled.
the cops stole my mummified toad and they gave it back -
what the fuck. the combination of diphenhydramine
and alcohol is an invite to the darker realms
of the human register, and we went there
on the 11th day of the 11th month of 2011
and there must be some kind
of mystical numerology attached to all that

“ALUNDA DEATH MARCH”

in the days when young adults in
sweden was thrown away
(like trash)
no military service,
we'd had to make our way

from concrete we'd be wandering
out to the wilderness (woods)
no phones, no nothing fancy
not even air mattress

carved our spears from canes
and thrust them in the night
build our fires high
turns out we're not that bright

march on! tribe!
the night is nigh
first we hit a swamp
cold and the damp, was everywhere

stay out of sight
fire in the night
we woke up to the fright
of forest fire everywhere

trust your heart, my dear
forest demons everywhere
psychedelic drugs are rare
in the woods of solitaire

thrust your new carved spear
fight those demon swedes, beware!
holler! weah!
follow! yeah!

the death march is in high gear!!!

second night
we reached a mound
indulged in research drugs
great ember sparked the mound

in the line of sight
a hunter with his might
called out for his pray
we imagined our last day

flee on, brave tribe
pave the night with concrete blight
reach the town so that we might
drench ourselves in modern lights

thrust your new carved spear
fight those demon swedes, beware!
holler! weah!
follow! yeah!

the death march is in high gear!!!

"FEAR & LOATHING IN SÖDERFORS"

yeah! this one goes out to all lost kids in Söderfors!
are you with me?!

get the fuck out of there! come on!

welcome to söderfors - welcome to misery
shitty town... we are lost...
we are wild and we are free...

unknown drugs, powders, pills
floor is covered - blood and tears
plastic bags, Chinese filth
knife wounds screaming, flesh is pierced, yeah

hey! hey! hey! hey!
yeah!
hey, hey, hey, hey,
lets bleed, yeah!

running blood, cutting flesh
ecstasy, religious rites
i've never seen so much blood -
Satanic were those nights!!

hey! hey! hey! hey!
yeah!
hey! hey! hey! hey!
lets bleed, yeah

i wake up to the panicked screams of my best friend.
i sigh so deep, my heart is burned and i close my eyes again...

where are... where are...
where the fuck are my drugs!?!

"ENDCOMMUNEAN ECSTASY"

Bombing MDMA
Bonding, being gay
Sneaking into school
Blasting jams in the classroom

Ecstasy in our youth
Oh, my boss can't know the truth
Being adults has its gains
When you are trusted with the key to the chains

Bombing MDMA
Bonding, being gay
Sneaking into school
Blasting jams in the classroom

Naked, young, free
A hippie dream
Dancing 'round teachers desk
A taste of the burlesque

Doing push-ups, getting we
Students had to smell our sweat
Young adults, living at home,
have to use their wits when bombed

“GAMLA UPPSALA FOREVER”

i see the sun is rising
big and warm - on the horizon
rolling over the hills
and i roll a morning spliff

i see my fathers land
stretching out its promised hand
this is the hills
this is where your last puke spills...

old uppsala leaves it mark
through thick and thin, light and dark
land of the Swedes
land of misfortune and misdeeds!

Yggdrasil is growing there
At the mound of gods, where
I tumbled over your eyes
and felt my heart suffice

youngsters hiking doin' drugs
building temples, carrying logs
home of the brave
and land of the truly free

to zip-lock bags i have to yield
upon these flowered ancient fields
scavenging some head,
honouring the royal dead

on bikes goin fast
these fuckin' summers

never last
we're the
rock n roll hounds
of the royal
Uppsala mounds!!!

THE END- COMMUNEAN ALPHABET

P

Q

R

S

OUTSIDER PASSION MUSIC !

the complete discography of

THE END COMMUNE

CRAFTED 2012 - 2022

RELEASED 2014 - 2023

- TEC01 **Slutet** *"What the End of the World Looked Like"* (demo, 2014)
- TEC02 **Slutet** *"...And the Great Cunt Wept"* (demo, 2014)
- TEC03 **Slutet** *"O Ziemia!"* (demo, 2014)
- TEC04 **Slutet** *"s/t"* (compilation, 2015)
- TEC05 **Lapis Lazuli** *"In Love with Inanna"* (LP, 2015)
- TEC06 **Resilience** *"These Mountains Are Ours!"* (demo, 2016)
- TEC07 **Loveboy** *"Bergmansk Stämningssmusik"* (LP, 2016)
- TEC08 **Slutet** *"Jihad"* (EP, 2017)
- TEC09 **Loveboy** *"Na Srebrnym Globie: Interpretacja Atmosfery"* (LP, 2017)
- TEC10 **Loveboy** *"Polski Opór Żelaza (1939-1963)"* (LP, 2018)
- TEC11 **Slutet** *"Begynnelsen"* (compilation, 2019)
- TEC12 **Albasli** *"Notes from Underground"* (LP, 2019)
- TEC13 **Loveboy** *"Mad Love in New York City"* (EP, 2019)
- TEC14 **Loveboy** *"Shoah"* (LP, 2020)
- TEC15 **Resilience** *"Under an Aryan Sun"* (demo, 2020)
- TEC16 **Slutet** *"Love & Beauty"* (LP, 2020)
- TEC17 **Unknown** *"The Botched Demos"* (compilation, 2020)
- TEC18 **Slutet** *"Summer Night Rehearsal June '19"* (demo, 2020)
- TEC19 **Loveboy** *"Synd"* (EP, 2020)
- TEC20 **Southern Spruce** *"Make Persia Great Again"* (7" Single, 2021)
- TEC21 **Loveboy** *"Arktis"* (LP, 2021)
- TEC22 **Slutet** *"Raw Creativity Can Not Be Contained:
Rehearsals & Leftovers 2013-2019"* (compilation, 2021)
- TEC23 **Loveboy** *"Foi, espérance et cafards:
ambiances excavées de la fin du siècle"* (LP, 2021)
- TEC24 **Southern Spruce** *"Train to Istanbul"* (EP, 2022)

- TEC25 **Loveboy** *"Theriomorphic Transmogrification: Occult Leopard Rites of Ancient Ekpe Witchcraft"* (single, 2022)
- TEC26 **The End Commune** *"Hounds of Pamir: Ruhail Qaisar Invites The End Commune"* (mix-tape/compilation, 2022)
- TEC27 **Albasli** *"Endless Variations..."* (single, 2022)
- TEC28 **Loveboy** *"Uppland"* (Single, 2022)
- TEC29 **Loveboy & Lapis Lazuli** *"Nostalgic Endcommunean Farewell"* (EP, collaboration, 2022)
- TEC30 **Loveboy** *"Mulier Amicta Sole"* (single, 2022)
- TEC31 **The End Commune** *"Det stora owäsendet: En apokalyps i många delar"* (audiobook, 2022)
- TEC32 **Southern Spruce** *"Weird Moons Over Uppsala"* (LP, 2023)
- TEC33 **Loveboy** *"Zappfean Nihilist"* (single, 2023)
- TEC34 **Southern Spruce** *"Rehearsal October '22"* (compilation, 2023)
- TEC35 **Loveboy** *"Insomnia"* (EP, 2023)
- TEC36 **Slutet** *"Love & Beauty (The Forgotten Version)"* (demo, 2023)
- TEC37 **Livrädd** *"Album att bränna"* (EP, 2023)
- TEC38 **Loveboy** *"Alhamdulillah"* (LP, 2023)
- TEC39 **Southern Spruce** *"Swedish Tourist: Travel Memoirs from Southern Spruce 2012-2018"* (compilation, 2023)
- TEC40 **The End Commune** *"The Mysterious Tribology Between Man & God"* (audiobook, 2023)
- TEC41 **The End Commune** *"To Meditate on the Carcass of a Deer: My Meeting with the Heavenly Daughters of Solar King Dadžbóg"* (audiobook, 2023)
- TEC42 **The End Commune** *"Outsider Passion Music: The Best of the End Commune 2012-2022"* (compilation, 2023)

A LAST FEW WORDS

And that was it. The End Commune is Dead. A full decade! 2012-22. Rest in Peace, baby! 10 Years, 1 book and 31 eclectic releases of Upplandic Outsider Passion Music.

The End Commune was founded by three long-time friends:

- **KALIPH ABU BAKR AL-UPPSALAWI, AKA RYTTERSON THE YOUNGER, THE GARBAGE PRINCE OF SÄVJA**
- **INGRIDDINGIR THE VERBAL ANAGRAM, AKA THE BELLMAN STREET BANSHEE**
- **SPEED DEMON ŚWIĘTOPEŁK ALBASLI THE ARROW, AKA THE ÄRNA STREET HOUND DOG**

The commune, however, also included these zealous members at various times:

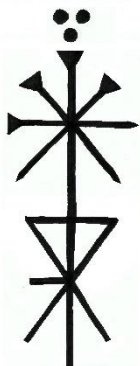
- **MALKUS HERPES PRISMAKRISTOS AKA DISCOVERER OF THE ORTHODOX MYSTERION (2015-2020)**
- **ST. MALLEUS THE SISTER, AKA TRAVELER OF THE PSYCHO-ASTRAL LABYRINTHS (2012-2017)**
- **LONESOME GUITAR STRANGLER, YE-HOIAKIM (2013-2014)**

They were absolutely equally important and, as such, full-worthy, contributing members. Also, an honorable member since day one, contributing in many ways though not necessarily actively through creativity but more as tireless unyielding support and brotherhood, was

- **THIMÓTHEOS AKA T-DOG TRIPLE CHEESE, THE MYSTERY MAN FROM UMEÅ TOWN**

It was the only meaningful thing I had during those otherwise dark and miserable years. I am honestly so grateful it happened!!!

**REMEMBER THE SYMBOL.
SPREAD THE
ROCK 'N' ROLL DISEASE.**



**Tack för visat intresse. Det har värmt mig
mycket. Länge leve SLUTET och länge
leve The End Commune!!!!!!!**

Hejdå.

**Undertecknat Juli 2022 av
E. M. Ryttersen Urfjell (1992-)**

*den ängsliga men eldiga pojken som lyckades förverkliga
och materialisera sin naiva konstnärliga vision
tillsammans med sina fantastiska vänner under den mest
äventyrslystna och galna perioden av deras liv!*

Tack.